THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1821. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1867. Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 5 Cents. Whole Number Issued, 2469.

PERDITA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Under the snows she sleepeth!
Under the cold, immaculate snows,
And my heart is bitter with grief and pain,
For I know, though June brings back the rose,
That my lily will never bloom again,
My pure, pale lily that sleepeth.

Beneath the violet lying;
No Spring, with its tender and warm excess
Of life and passion, of bud and bloom,
No Summer's infinite loveliness
Can reach to the depth of that silent tomb
Wherein my love is lying.

In vain they tell me she liveth,
With her warm, sweet face, and her tender eyes,
In some divine Beyond, afar:
I only know that out of my skies,
Has faded and vanished the Morning star;
Not unto me she liveth.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. SCRIVENS'S LITTLE MISTAKE.

Those who collect the statistics of death-bed scenes, without the intention of confounding the skeptic, are aware that, for the most part, folks die as they have lived; that is to say, according to their several constitutions. Good Christians, if of a nervous temperament, are alarmed. Phlegmatic persons, even if they have no sure grounds of religious belief, are to the last (what their friends call) "philosophic." People little accustomed to thought of any kind, rarely feel, or, at all events, exhibit, any mental emotion. An old officer of experience once told me that he had seen upwards of a hundred soldiers die in hospital, and not one of them was moved by the prospect of a dissolution at all. At the same time it must be owned that much of this immobility may arise from the indefiniteness of the time when death shall be actually knocking at the gate. People talk of the uncertainty of life as a reason for repentance; but, in reality, its uncertainty is the great encouragement for procrastination. There may be no hope, but also the danger often does not appear immediate, until it has actually overwhelmed us. Criminals, it is true, when their day of certain doom draws nigh, are, in many cases, terribly agitated; but these last are exceptionably bad subjects for any such trial, since they have especial good reasons for feeling remorse, and for fearing retribution. The old are, as a general rule, least impressed with the nearness of dissolution. They have lived so long without dying, that it has become, as it were, a confirmed habit with them; and they cannot picture to themselves, while still in tolerable health, so radical a change.

In Carlyon's case, if Mr. Carstairs had confined himself to saying, "You have heart complaint of the most serious character; you may die any day; your life is not worth six months' purchase," his patient would not, perhaps, have been much moved; but the addition, "I do not think it possible," or "I will pledge my professional reputation,"—which was it?—"that you will not live a year," made the professional opinion very striking.

Carlyon sat alone in the dark little chamber, looking forth upon the many flowered garden, faint and odorous in the hot noon, and strange thoughts indeed were busy within him. He had read long ago at school in some Latin author, (he did not even remember that it was Cicero,) "No man is so old but that he imagines he will live a year;" and this line, arising in his mind sudden and unsummoned as a ghost, began to haunt it. There was no man in health, then, in the whole world, so old but that he looked to live longer (by so much time as the doctor had already left the house) than himself. Curiously enough, while thus confining himself rigidly within the life limit assigned, this man did not now consider the probability of dying in the interim. The apprehension that had caused him so hastily to dispatch the groom to Barnthorp was already gone. It seemed as though some warning such as is stated to have sometimes come to mortals from beyond the grave, had fixed his death at a certain date. Only a year, neither more nor less, save by a few minutes, to live. How strange it seemed to think that this self-same sunny hour would never return for him again. Thus, every succeeding day would be the last of its date for him. That, after a few weeks, no summer would shine for him more; no autumn after the next bear its fair fruit; no winter—this was his favorite season—afford its usual sports, save once. Then spring, which to all his kind was the welcome herald of so much, would come only to make the earth green for his grave! How strange it seemed that the occurrence of no *one of* nature's operations should (precisely) take place for him again! Never to see the shadow of yonder dial begin to lengthen on the grass, exactly as it was doing to-day. Stay; would it ever do so exactly. His mind began to seek what little science was in it to imagine how this might be. Then it reverted to the dial, and thence, naturally enough, to the story of King Hezekiah.

"There will be no miracle done for my sake, I suppose," muttered he, with bitterness. Then, losing his scornful look, he added, tenderly, "When she hears this, how she will pray that I may improve my year of grace. Sweet soul!"

His hand mechanically sought the letter in his pocket, and at the touch of it his brow grew dark.

Only one quarter gone of the earliest time in which he could expect Mr. Scrivens to arrive. If hours were to pass like this his life would be a long one after all. He sat down to write, and occupied himself with certain papers, until there was a far-off sound of wheels: some vehicle was slowly entering the great gates; a crunch upon the gravel sweep. Yes, he was come.

A red little dapper man was Mr. Scrivens, bald, except for a rim of sandy hair, and with a ferret face have hidden by huge red whiskers, which it was his constant ambition to get both in his mouth at once. Holding one fast between his teeth, and coaxing the other with his white hand (of which he was very vain) towards the same trap, was his habitual occupation; and when he had succeeded in the double capture, he would let them go, and begin again. Notwithstanding this impediment to conversation, his words flowed like a river. He had not been at all put out by the suddenness of Mr. Carlyon's summons; quite the contrary; he was delighted, charmed, after so many years, to revisit Woodlees. The last time was—ahem—upon a very melancholy occasion. "A good man, sir, was your poor father, an excellent man. Yes, yes."

"I sent for you thus hastily, Mr. Scrivens, upon a business matter, which to me, at least, seems pressing," began Carlyon, without noticing these interjectional remarks. "At present, I believe, in case of my dying intestate, all the property I possess would go to my sister—"

"Real *and* personal, sir, without doubt. And a very pretty property, too. Mrs. Newman is well, I trust, sir; Mr. Jedediah, your nephew, I had the pleasure of seeing—"

"I wish to make a will, Mr. Scrivens. Here are ink and paper, be so good as to take my instructions."

"Very right and very proper, my dear sir," observed the lawyer, encouragingly; "one of the first things that a man should do, upon emerging from what the law holds to be infancy, is to make a will—that is, provided that he has anything to leave; otherwise the precaution is needless. Even in your case, a man in the prime of life, with what I may venture to call a constitution of iron—"

"To my nephew, Jedediah Newman, I wish to leave the sum of five hundred pounds, Mr. Scrivens."

"Just so, sir. Something for himself, as it were, independent of mamma, eh. Young men often stand much in need of such forethought as you display. Not that your nephew, let us hope, with the example of so excellent a mother before his eyes, so prudent, so—ahem—so discreet, would be likely to have embarrassed himself."

"My nephew is a scamp, I believe," observed Carlyon, dryly; "but that is no matter to me. I wish to leave him five hundred pounds."

"Just so, sir. No matter at all. Young men will be young men. Too tight a curb at home—we know the rest. Any other particular bequest?"

"Yes. Robin must have an annuity of fifty pounds for life; and the other servants—their names are written on this paper—of twenty pounds."

"Very considerate, I am sure, Mr. Carlyon," returned Mr. Scrivens, setting down these particulars, "service is no inheritance, as the saying is. Any more special bequests?"

"I wish a hundred guineas to be paid to Mr. Carstairs, of Mellor. That is all."

Perhaps Mr. Scrivens was secretly disappointed that that *was* all, imagining that the name of one's legal adviser as well as of one's family doctor might have appeared in the document; for this time he said nothing, and silence, with Mr. Scrivens, meant not consent, but disapprobation.

"The whole of my property, real and personal, with the aforesaid deductions only, I wish to bequeath to Agnes, daughter of Mr. Robert Crawford, of Greycraigs."

"My dear Mr. Carlyon?" The imprisoned whiskers flew from their ivory jailors, for the lawyer's lower jaw had suddenly fallen. "You are not in earnest, sir, surely?"

"Why not?" continued the client, gravely. "I, John Carlyon, being of sound mind, do hereby—you have dropped your pen, Mr. Scrivens."

"I beg your pardon, sir," observed the other, humbly; "the Carlyons have held Woodlees for three hundred years, and, just at first I missed your meaning. As your family lawyer, I was about to enter a respectful protest; but, of course, when a lady's in the case, all other things give place. Ahem! Permit me to congratulate you, my dear sir, with all my heart. I have heard the young lady spoken of very highly."

Carlyon bowed with considerable stiffness, and signed that his companion should resume his writing.

"No, sir, no," said Mr. Scrivens, gayly, and with a whisker in each hand, "the thing can't be done—at least, not at present."

"Then I'll get somebody else to do it," ejaculated the other.

"My dear sir, you mistake me," pursued the lawyer, blandly. "I can, of course, do as you request; but it will all be labor in vain. Dear me, how ignorant you laymen are of the simplest rules of law—though it is not for me to regret it, far from it."

"Will you leave off making those damnable faces, and begin?" shouted Carlyon.

"My dear sir," explained the lawyer, with some precipitation, "these instructions are valueless: that is the simple fact. They will become waste paper upon the day of your union with this young lady. Marriage invalidates—"

"I am not going to be married, sir," interrupted Carlyon, in a voice that made the lawyer's blood run cold. "Now, your impertinent curiosity is satisfied, sir, perhaps you will do as you were told."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. RICHARD GETS SOME GOOD ADVICE.

Scarce a week has elapsed since the incident recorded in our last chapter, but it has witnessed great changes, or what were considered such at Mellor. John Carlyon has broken up his establishment—not, however, without remembrance of those who had belonged to it—and Woodlees is advertised to be sold. These facts alone were dainty dishes enough to be set upon the tea-tables of the neighborhood; but there were a score of other strange reports respecting the young squire beside. Quite a gist of gossip, in short, and yet the market was very far from dull. The more immediate cause of this charming state of affairs was old Robin. In spite of his protest that he was "no tittle-tattle," there was no ancient female in the county so incapable of retaining a secret. Nature had ordained that he must out with it or burst. Was it not painful enough to have been the witness of his dear master's seizure, without the additional torture of having to conceal that most interesting occurrence? To expect silence was to be too exacting, too exorbitant. There was no "ambiguous giving out" either, in Robin's reference to this calamity. "Mr. John was in a fit, and Doctor Carstairs a bleedin' on him."

Then followed the scarcely less exciting narration of the sending for Mr. Scrivens. After what had happened, this prompt measure could have been taken for no other purpose than that of preparing a will. Except as to details (which were sought after with feverish eagerness), no further information was required by an intelligent public. They "put two and two together" with a rapidity unequalled even in the old coaching days.

John Carlyon had had a fit: apoplexy, epilepsy, paralysis; there was a great opportunity here for imagination, and that display of medical science so grateful to the human mind—nay, it was even darkly whispered by some folks, *delirium tremens*. With the prospect of immediate dissolution before his eyes, the skeptic had characteristically concentrated his thoughts upon his temporal affairs. Mr. Scrivens on his part had been, for the present, reticent enough, notwithstanding that Jedediah had ridden over to Barnthorp within the last few days, on pretence of "looking at a horse" which the lawyer happened to wish to part with, and had endeavored to pump him; but this announcement of Woodlees to be sold, spoke for itself. John Carlyon must have willed his property away in some direction other than its legitimate channel, else why was the family residence to be thus disposed of?

Mrs. Newman maintained a calm exterior—some people called it "malice at a white heat,"—and only shook her head and touched her forehead when the subject was mentioned. She was understood to imply that her unfortunate brother was not answerable for his actions, and doubtless it would have afforded her great satisfaction if such had been indeed the fact, and the law could have been got to certify it.

Now, as is not unusual in such cases, the person whom all these rumors chiefly pointed to, namely Agnes Crawford, was least aware of their existence. She knew that Carlyon had left Mellor, and that Woodlees was to be sold, and she had a suspicion, which gnawed the tender heart within her, of what had sent him away. Her conscience reproached her twenty times a day for having done the very thing which it had before insisted upon. Its old self, if I may say so, had now no ally except in those bitter words which Mrs. Newman had flung at her at parting. It was they which had turned the scale in the late conflict within her, and which now played the part of the metropolitan brigade upon the flame of love. But they no longer made head against the devouring element. Now that the goods had been removed and the fire was confined to the premises, the flaming serpents flickered over the empty rooms and the bare walls at their wild will. Now she had lost him for ever, Agnes began to feel how deeply she had loved Carlyon. And how he must have loved *her*, since one word of hers had sent him forth, she knew not whither, and made his home so hateful to him that he had resolved to enter it no more!

Was it likely that he would make any use of that sacred book which had accompanied an answer so curt and so unwelcome? True, its brevity had been agreed upon, nay, proposed by himself; but might she not, nevertheless, have becomingly added something to have made rejection at least less ungracious, considering too that she was addressing, probably for the last time, the preserver of her life? Her cheeks burned while she thought of this, not in self-reproach, but from the consciousness that she had acted thus through love for him. For she had not dared trust her fingers to write more. Ah! if he could have only known what it had cost her to be so coldly brief! But now he would despise her parting gift, even more than his skepticism would have prompted him to do, from contempt of the giver. She had had it in her power to move his unbelieving heart, perhaps to win it, to the truth; but she had refused to take advantage of so rare and blessed an opportunity. His errors, nay, his very condemnation, might lie at her door. And why? Because she feared, as Mrs. Newman had suggested, being herself perverted from the right way? No; but because she feared to have imputed to her the vulgar, sordid motives she was assumed by that plain-spoken lady to entertain. Such ideas had never so much as entered into her brain; it was only this woman who had thrust them there; but once admitted—like a vile image intruded on a pure mind—she could no longer be ignorant of their existence. Although she had not been influenced by them, others, girls like herself, might be so; what Mrs. Newman thought of her, others might think of her. Perhaps Carlyon himself—no, she would not think that; but had not he too expressed his conviction that her father would not oppose himself to their union? Had he then any reason to believe that he was promoting it? Was she being thrown in this rich man's way, as manœuvring mothers were said to throw their daughters? She felt the hot blood tingle to her ear-tips, at this shameful thought. And yet to whom, unless to her father, had this woman referred when she had talked of her "springing from no one knows whom or whence?" Agnes shuddered! the red rose turned to white; and she closed her eyes as though to shut out some horrible scene.

Bitter as was the cup she had now to drink, it was perhaps well to do so. Bad as it seemed, even worse might have befallen; and with that ineffectual balm she strove to heal a wounded heart.

Thus Agnes Crawford argued with herself, now yearning for his love, now fortifying her heart against him with materials from the arsenal of Mrs. Grundy, and now agitated by a nameless sorrow which, arising in the far-back past, threw forward such a shadow as seemed to make gloomy all her future.

It was while meditating on this secret grief, while sitting in her old place by the open window of the drawing-room, looking out upon the empty lawn, that Richard Crawford found her one morning, and took a chair by her side. He had treated her of late with marked but unobtrusive kindness. In the absence of the man he held to be his rival he had become once more his usual self, affectionately respectful, reverent. He knew that Carlyon had been refused, and therefore that the great obstacle to his success was done away with. He had never despaired until that man came and stepped between him and his cousin from the first, taking advantage of the accident that had introduced himself to her so favorably. If it had not been for his horse, he could not have saved her; and had not *he* (Richard) been equally willing to sacrifice his life for hers? How hateful it was to think that, he owed his own safety to this country squire, who held his head so high, and cared for nobody, and could make his way so easily into the woman's heart, which he—her cousin and an inmate under the same roof—had failed to win. However, this rival was now removed, and as it seemed for ever. If his own place was to be only second in her affections she should still be his wife; if the other had won, it was he who should wear. As sure as the sun shone she should be his. He had been assured of that all along; but he had not been certain of securing his object by legitimate means. He would have used any had Carlyon intervened between them; but now there would surely be no necessity for proceeding to such extremities. On the other hand, there was no time to lose. He had already received a hint from his uncle, equivalent, as he was well aware to a peremptory order, that he had taken holiday long enough, and must be prepared for another sea-voyage—perhaps as long as the last. Without a solemn promise from Agnes that she would be his wife, he was resolved not to go. And he was now about to exact it.

"Agnes," said he, with a grave tenderness, that was not assumed, and became the young man very well, "I have something to say to you."

"Yes, cousin." She turned her head slowly towards him, and her voice, though kind and gentle as always, had the unconcern of preoccupation in its tone.

"Something," said he, more earnestly, "for which I beg your best attention; it affects us both very nearly, but to me it is all in all."

"Yes, Richard."

A month ago she would have already begun to reprove him; but now she did not seem to apprehend to what such words needs must lead. This coolness galled him far more than her displeasure would have done; but he was very humble and quiet.

"My uncle says that I have had holiday enough, and that I must go to sea again forthwith."

"Poor boy," returned she, pityingly, almost caressingly; "and yet you do not seem to have been long at home. I think that's hard. I'll ask my father—"

"No, thank you, Agnes," answered he, coldly; "I am not a child to be begged off a day or two from school. I am a man now."

"A very young one, Richard," replied his cousin, smiling. "Nay, don't be cross; you will laugh, yourself, when you come home next, with a great beard, perhaps, to think how, as a stripling, you once imagined yourself to be a patriarch."

"Don't jest, Agnes, for I can't bear it. As to going to sea, it is my profession, and, as you know, I like it dearly. I don't mind hardships. I would not live a life of idleness, such as I lead here, even if I could. I know one has got one's work to do in the world, and I am no skulker."

"Bravely said, Richard. There is nobody who will be so proud of you as I shall be when you achieve the success you merit. We two are alone in the world, for, except my father, we have no other kith or kin: and blood is ever so much stronger than water, cousin."

Her white hand sought his shoulder and there rested; her voice had the honest ring of affectionate good-will. But neither touch nor tone were welcome to the recipient.

"Blood is nothing to me," answered the young man, impatiently. "If you sprang from the other side of the world, I should love you equally well. I wish you did, since you vex me so with 'cousin, cousin.'"

"I hope, Richard, you are not going to vex *me*," observed Agnes, withdrawing her hand, "with the same talk which I have already forbidden you to use. That is not behaving like a gentleman."

"What!" exclaimed the young man, passionately; "can it be wrong, when every thought within me shapes itself into the words, 'I love you,' not to utter them? I know I am young, and that there is time to spare. I do not press you to be my wife, Agnes—that is, not yet. I can be patient. I trust to show myself worthy of you before I win you. But, now that I am about to go away, I know not for how long, I want to hear from your own lips a pledge—well, then, not a pledge—I shall be content, God knows, with very, very little. Only a little hope that is all I ask: one gleam of light to cheer me on my lonely way. Nay, hear me out. Promise me that you will never wed another, never plight your troth to another, until I come back from sea."

"That is very easily done, Richard," returned the young girl, calmly; "and I would do it gladly, but for that which such a promise would imply. You will find me as you leave me, cousin, you may be sure of that—quite sure."

Carlyon's chance was gone, of that Richard felt certain; but notwithstanding her quiet smile, there was a melancholy in her voice that jarred upon his jealous ear.

"Then, why not give me hope?" urged the young man. "If, as you say," (here he fixed his dark eyes upon her scrutinizingly,) "you do not love another—you *do!* you *do!*" exclaimed he passionately; "you are deceiving me. This fellow has not really left the place. You are only waiting till my back is turned."

"Sir," said she, with a white face, but speaking very calmly; "you said awhile ago that you regretted we were kith and kin. After such words as you have last spoken, I regret it too. A man indeed! None but a reckless boy, forgetting to whom he speaks, could have so transgressed."

"But is it not true?" urged the young man, half abashed, yet still suspicious. "Why did your color change else, when I said 'you do not love another?' Give me your sacred word, Agnes, that you have not pledged yourself to John Carlyon, and then I will believe you."

"I deny your right to ask me any such question, sir; but if it will put a stop to all such talk as this, once and for ever I will tell you. Mr. Carlyon has asked me to become his wife, and I have refused him."

"But if he were to do so, now?" inquired Richard, eagerly.

"Now, or at any future time, would be the same; I should still refuse him. You seem pleased, sir, with this news. But let me tell you further, since I have said so much, that what I have said of Mr. Carlyon applies tenfold to you. My purpose is to marry no man. But did I marry, I should choose a gentleman—no eavesdropper, who suspects the woman he pretends to love, nor one who sets a servant to play the spy upon her mistress—yes, I know you, sir. The next time that you propose to yourself to win a woman's heart, be honest, be open, lest, instead of love, you reap contempt, as you have reaped with me."

He had never seen her—no one had ever seen her—half so wrathful, half so moved. Erect, to her full height, she stood, and flashed her words upon his bent-down head.

"Be honest, be open," reiterated she, as she laid her hand upon the door, "that is my parting advice to you, cousin Richard."

The words seemed to scorch his ears.

"I will take it, cousin Agnes," said he, quietly. "You will see me from henceforth

quite another man." Even while he spoke his mobile countenance grew staid and firm; his thin lips ceased to tremble. "I will, so help me Heaven!"

"I hope Heaven will, Richard, for you need its help."

She closed the door behind her with those words.

"Yes, I will be open enough," muttered Richard, grimly; although not with her. She must never know what I am about to do; and, indeed, how should she, since *he* would be the last to tell her. She has only herself to thank for it; she has driven me to it. I would have won her, if I could, by any other way."

He passed out of the room and up the stairs; then took the turning that led to his uncle's chamber. A man servant, coming from that direction, met him, with,

"The master is scarcely dressed, sir; he cannot see you yet." But Richard pushed by him roughly, without reply, and knocked sharply at his uncle's door. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Proper Rebuke.

A correspondent of the Cinthiana Columbian tells the following story:—

At Lafayette a well dressed man, accompanied by an interesting-looking lady, evidently his wife, and two sweet little children, entered the cars. He was short of stature, with a short, turned-up nose, a short, thick lip, small eyes, and imperceptible eyebrows. The lady had a pleasing expression in her pale countenance, that bore the impress of suffering patience. Her younger child appeared sick, and tossed fretfully on her wearied knees. The other soon grew tired of the irksomeness of the car, and became fretful and impatient. The man, for I cannot call him gentleman, lay lazily reading a paper, lounging on a whole seat he monopolized to himself, though other passengers were standing.

At length the lady, perfectly unable to attend the two children, in a tone of gentleness that had something of fear in it, besought him to attend to the wants of the elder. She was answered in a loud and abrupt tone that attracted everybody's attention—

"Don't bother me!"

Her eyes dropped; a look of mingled sorrow and shame came over her face, and she said not a word.

A few moments afterwards the conductor, Mr. Paul, came along, and the man inquired of him the distance to Michigan City. With a tone modelled to the life after that previously used by his interrogator, Mr. Paul hissed out—

"Don't bother me!"

The man's eyes glared fury as he demanded the reason of such an insult, and threatened to resent it unless a proper apology was immediately offered.

"I shall offer no apology for my language," said the noble-hearted conductor, "neither will you resent it; for a man who deems himself injured by having applied to him the same language he has disgraced himself by applying to a lady, is too little of a gentleman to be apologized to, and too much of a coward to even dare resent it!"

Women Doing Men's Work.

There is one place where the women have the privilege of doing men's work, and rather the heaviest part of it too. It is in the island of Lewes, one of the Hebrides, and this account is given:—

The women do all the heavy work. They dig, delve and hoe; they carry heavy loads of manure to the fields, and in the peat season you may see them all day carrying creelfuls of peat from the bog. You will often see a man trudging along the road beside a woman, but the creel is always on the woman's back. If they come to a river or ford, the woman crosses first, deposits her creel on the other side, and then returns to carry the man across. I only saw this once, but the farmers tell me it is a thing of every day occurrence. When the creel is empty, the man sometimes slings it over his own shoulders, and then mounts upon the back of the woman, who carries them both across together. This, I am told, is the only occasion on which, by any chance, you see a creel upon the back of a man. The woman in the rural districts here is, in fact, a beast of burden, and men, in looking out for wives, look largely to muscular development. A story is current among the English-speaking farmers that illustrates this conception of a woman's mission. In the middle of one peat season, when labor was much in demand, a man who was supposed to be a confirmed old bachelor, suddenly married. A friend met him some days after. "What for did you take a woman like that?" said the friend. "Did you no hear," replied the man, "that my horse was dead?"

Females of Tartary.

Some of the Tartar women wear long snow-white veils, which cover not only the face, but the whole of the head and upper part of the body; and as if veils were insufficient to protect them from observation, they no sooner behold a man than they hang their heads and endeavor to escape notice by flight. An English servant observing this practice, deemed it to be an act of rudeness on his part to give them the trouble of hiding their faces and running away on his account; therefore whenever he encountered them, he covered his face and took to his heels, in order to hide himself in the first place he could find. This passed unnoticed for some time; at length the Tartar women, struck by the singularity of seeing a man always avoiding them, let fall a portion of their veils when they next met him; but this only caused him to run faster than before. Such conduct excited their curiosity more than ever, and at last they fairly hunted him; after following him in parties to his hiding-place with their veils off, they resolved to see a man who for the first time concealed his face at the approach of a woman, and having caught him, they actually commanded an explanation of his unaccountable behavior.

☞ A paragraph recently went the rounds saying Senator Fessenden was now in favor of impeachment. Mr. Fessenden writes however:—"I have written no letter and expressed no opinion on the subject of impeachment. It will be time enough for me to express an opinion on that subject when the case comes before me. You are at perfect liberty to contradict that report, as I do not like to be considered as giving the lie to all I have said in the Senate with regard to my duties as a Senator in such a case."

☞ The law of Congress forbids the opening of newspapers by a person not addressed or authorized, under a penalty of $20 fine; stealing the same is punishable by imprisonment.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEP'R 28, 1867.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commenced on July 27th, a new and fascinating novelet, called

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd."

Our readers who remember that powerful and peculiar story, "Lost Sir Massingberd," will need no persuasion to induce them to read "Carlyon's Year"—the interest of which, they will perceive, commences in the very first chapter.

Back numbers to May 4th, containing the whole of the powerful novelet of "LORD ULSWATER," can be had upon application.

We can also supply a few back numbers to the first of the year.

A QUESTION FOR MORALISTS.

A recent story, describing "A Week in a French Country House," raises an interesting question for moralists. Monsieur Berthier says:

"I have remarked that the conception of truth among Englishwomen is quite peculiar to themselves; and I must own that it appears to me very often to answer the exact purpose that falsehood does with other people. For example, suppose that an Englishwoman has happened to go to some place or other, and that she has her own reason for not wishing it known that she has been there—such a thing might occur, might it not?—she comes back, and some one asks her where she has been? She immediately answers: To this place—to that place—to the other place, and thinks that so long as she does not positively deny the having been to the one important spot she is scrupulously truthful. For has she, after all, not indeed been to all these places? More than this, she is even capable of deliberately planning to go to all these places, expressly in order that she may be able with what she regards as perfect truth to enumerate them, and behind them to conceal what she wishes concealed. When I have said what I thought upon the subject—which was that this mode of action appeared to me to be very much like pressing truth into the service of falsehood—I have been received with indignant surprise. The Englishwoman thought she had, on the contrary, evinced a conscientious adherence to truth. Now a Frenchwoman is, for the most part, quite incapable of that sort of thing; if she is in a difficulty she will lie like a trooper, but it will be a direct lie born out of an immediate danger—not that elaborate perversion of the truth in which the Englishwoman permits herself to indulge with so much astuteness and self-complacency."

We may remark on the above, that if we admit—what we think every one will admit—that a person has a right to have secrets, we must also admit the right to preserve them from impertinent questioners. Now, if you simply say to an impertinent inquirer, "I decline to answer," you often do answer in the most decided manner—for in many cases such a reply would be at once an admission of the truth of what is suspected. Thus, when Walter Scott was asked plumply, "if he were the author of the Waverley Novels," he feared that anything short of a plump denial would be an admission of the fact. Scott was a very sincere and truthful man—and yet he felt at liberty to say what was false, because it was the only means by which he could keep a secret which he held he had a right to keep.

But however we may hesitate upon the allowability of an absolute falsehood in such cases, certainly it is not doing wrong to do as Monsieur Berthier says the English woman is in the habit of doing.

We have observed that persons possessing plenty of self-command and an aptitude for verbal inventions, will often be able to preserve their secrets without a downright falsehood, where others find no possibility of escape except in discovering the truth, or veiling it behind a false statement. And yet the former may really be no more conscientious than the latter.

It may be said that the reply to impertinent inquiries, always should be, in more or less courteous phraseology, "It is none of your business;" but such queries are often put by persons who stand toward you in relations that render it neither wise nor gracious for you to pain or offend them. Even a brother, or other near relative, a guardian, or warm friend, may put a question that he has really no right to put. In such cases to leave your friends some the wiser, while you avoid a positive untruth on the one hand, or hurting their feelings on the other, is surely the part of wisdom.

WOODEN WATCHES.

The last novelty in Europe seems to be wooden-cased watches. A London paper says:—

"The watches in black wooden cases, which are now displayed in the shops of the Regent-street and Bond-street jewellers, have a quaint and novel appearance. They are of that description in which the principal portion of the glass is covered, and the hours are marked on raised white enamel studs. The watch is suspended from a chatelaine of Russian leather studded with silver and held in the waist band by a plated book, while a small key hangs to it by a chain to match. The monogram of the wearer in raised silver letters on the back of the watch makes a tasteful addition to this pretty trinket, which is inexpensive and moreover good, as the case being of no comparative value, the watch is the better in proportion. We understand they are sent over from Switzerland in great numbers, and one great advantage of them is, that, being so well protected by the thick wooden case, they will bear without injury the rather careless handling which some ladies, occasionally plead guilty to with regard to these useful companions.

NEWPORT IN OCTOBER—THE OLD RUIN ON THE HILL—THE SYNAGOGUE AND THE SEA-SHORE.

MR. EDITOR:—Probably many of the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST are not aware of the fact that of all the months in the year, October is decidedly the most pleasant in Newport. The sea air seems to blend with the land breeze, and both unite at this season of the year to produce a soft and balmy condition of atmosphere peculiarly pure, fresh and invigorating. Not only the atmosphere, but the scenery itself, assumes a more charming, a mellower aspect, with its autumnal hues contrasting with the now deeper blue of the ocean: the reflection from the clear azure of the sky giving to the ocean green its chameleon-like change of color. Half a century ago I published pretty much the same opinion in this same good old *Evening Post* of yours, and there has been no change. October is still the true month in which to enjoy Newport: real, pleasant, healthful enjoyment.

If you turn to the files of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for 1823, you will find a so-called "poem" of some 400 lines, continued from week to week, on The Old Ruin on Newport. In that I attempted to give its origin, purpose, &c., and I find to-day a singular confirmation of my "fancy sketch" in an interesting account of "Carriole Travelling in Norway." In that work Mr. Burton, passing from Hindo to Lillehammer, says: "There is an interesting ruin upon the route of which I present an illustration: any person familiar with the ruin at Newport, R. I., which has excited so much speculation, cannot fail to trace a resemblance in the architecture of the two." At a Norwegian entertainment he says, "In the course of the evening's conversation the name of Fenimore Cooper was introduced in connection with his Red Rover and the "Old Mill" at Newport: all parties were strong in the belief of its being a genuine Norse ruin." Some time after my poem in the Evening Post, I published an engraving of another "ruin"—the inscriptions on the Dighton Rock, which, with other evidence, has led some to suppose that the Northmen visited this continent some six or seven centuries anterior to the arrival of Columbus. On this subject I may furnish for your columns some interesting investigations by visitors, among whom Washington was one. His views throw much light on these antiquated matters.

Among the objects at Newport deserving of notice is the Jews' Synagogue, which for a long period was the finest architectural edifice of the kind in this country. That was when Newport had the honor of contending with New York for commercial supremacy. Think of the marvellous contrast now. Newport with its ten thousand inhabitants, and New York with its one million! In the "days long past," the only water communication was by sloop packets, and the voyage depended on the way the wind blew. I have been a week going from city to city. Now, instead of seven days, we go in seven hours. Newport was indebted for its commercial importance mainly to the Jews, who formed a large and active portion of its inhabitants. But they have long since taken their departure. In 1823, I stood beside the open grave of the last of the original Jews who died in Newport, and saw his coffin descend into its place, in the burial ground which has since received the remains of the most upright and worthy of all the Israelites whom this land has ever known. JUDAH TOURO is a name honored and respected whenever mentioned; and no where has it deserved and received more honor than in Newport. Newport has reason to remember the New Orleans merchant who left her when a boy, and amassed riches which he so wisely spent. When the Congregational church in New Orleans was struggling under embarrassments which culminated in the sale of their edifice to the Sheriff, the building was purchased by Judah Touro and the members occupied it rent free. When pressed by speculators, who wished to build on the valuable site, his reply invariably was, "No, gentlemen, so long as those Christian people desire to remain, they shall never be disturbed." And when their noble benefactor died, the church became the property of the members. The pastor preached from the pulpit of that church the funeral sermon of Judah Touro. I have that discourse now, and preserve it as a beautiful and touching specimen of grateful eloquence. I have some incidents in his life, which would be, I am sure, of interest to your readers.

As to Newport, though I have not visited the sea-girt isle for some years, I cannot but cherish the memory of other days, and dwell upon the boyish indulgence of fishing and gunning, lying in my boat off Fort Dumpling, shooting ducks as they came in from sea at three or four o'clock in the morning, or catching fish. I once caught 63 before breakfast; but then I was more careful than the poor fellow who, sitting quietly upon a rock, was swept off by a heavy swell and became food for fish. I preferred a boat, and hence have the satisfaction at this late day of praising the glories of Newport in October in the columns of my old favorite, the far-famed Saturday Evening Post. T. C. C.

☞ The Genoese Gazette says: "A few days back a person bathing between Cornigliano and Sestri, in the Gulf of Genoa, was seized by a large polypus, and the creature so interlaced the numerous tentacles round him, that he was unable, in spite of all his efforts, to free himself, and was dragged under water and drowned. None of the other bathers ventured to go to his assistance."

☞ COST OF MINISTERS.—Some people talk a great deal about ministers and the cost of keeping them, paying their house rent, table expenses and other items of salary. Did they ever think that it costs $35,000,000 to pay the salaries of American lawyers; that $12,000,000 are paid out annually to keep our criminals, and $10,000,000 to keep the dogs in the midst of us alive, while only $6,000,000 are spent annually to keep six thousand preachers in the United States? [We doubt that about the dogs.]

☞ Mrs. Sally Brown, of Jay (Me.), was 100 years old the 28th of last April. On her 100th birth-day she spun three skeins of stocking yarn. She is the mother of twenty-two children. Her memory, hearing and eyesight are good.

☞ COULDN'T WRITE.—An old gentleman in Arkansas recently presented himself for registration with his two sons, and the eldest of the latter was asked by the clerk if he could write. "No, sir," chimed in the old man, "I am happy to say my sons cannot read or write. When I was a boy my parents sent me to school, and after I had got a little start in the world I indorsed a note for a man, and it cost me all my property. I then made up my mind that no child of mine should learn to write."

Our Statesmen.

"Testimonies of American Statesmen and Jurists, to the Truths of Christianity," by Hon. Henry Wilson, United States Senator from Massachusetts, published by the American Tract Society, 28 Cornhill, Boston. Some of these testimonies, beginning with Washington, are as follows:—

WASHINGTON.—"It is impossible to govern the world without God. It is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the Providence of Almighty God, to obey His will, to be grateful for His benefits and humbly to implore His protection and favor. I am sure there never was a people who had more reason to acknowledge a divine interposition in their affairs, than those of the United States; and I should be pained to believe that they have forgotten that agency which was so often manifested during the revolution; or that they failed to consider the omnipotence of Him, who is alone able to protect them. He must be worse than an infidel that lacks faith, and more than wicked, that has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligations."

JOHN ADAMS.—"The Christian religion, as I understand it, is the brightness of the glory and the express portrait of the eternal self-existing, independent, all powerful and all merciful Creator, Preserver and Father of the Universe; it will last as long as the world. Neither savage nor civilized man, without a revelation could have discovered or invented it. Religion and virtue are the only foundations, not only of republicanism and of all free governments, but of social felicity under all governments and in all the constructions of human society."

THOMAS JEFFERSON.—"I shall need the favor of that Being in whose hands we are, who led our fathers, as Israel of old, from their native land, and planted them in a country flowing with all the necessaries and comforts of life, who has covered our infancy with His providence and our riper years with His wisdom and power, and to whose goodness I ask you to join with me in supplications that He will so enlighten the minds of your servants, guide their counsels and prosper their measures, that whatsoever they do shall result in your good, and shall secure to you the friendship and approbation of all nations."

JAMES MADISON.—"We have been encouraged to feel the guardianship and guidance of that Almighty Being, whose power regulates the destinies of nations, whose blessings have been so conspicuously displayed to this rising republic, and to whom we are bound to address our devout gratitude for the past, as well as our supplications and best hopes for the future. No people can be bound to adore the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have been advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of His providential agency."

JAMES MONROE assumed the duties of fourth President of the United States with the expression of a "firm reliance on the protection of Almighty God. Deeply impressed with the blessings which we enjoy, and of which we have such manifold proofs, my mind is irresistably drawn to that Almighty Being, the great source from whence they proceed, and to whom our most grateful acknowledgments are due."

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.—"So great is my veneration for the Bible, and so strong my belief that when duly read and meditated upon, it is of all books in the world that which contributes to make men good, wise and happy; that the earlier my children begin to read it, and the more steadily they pursue the practice of reading it throughout their lives, the more lively and confident will be my hopes that they will prove useful citizens to their country, respected members of society, and a real blessing to their parents. I have, myself, for many years, made it a practice to read the Bible through once every year. My custom is to read four or five chapters every morning immediately after rising from bed. It employs about an hour of my time, and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day. You know the difference between right and wrong. You know some of your duties and the obligations you are under of becoming acquainted with them all. It is in the Bible you must learn them, and from the Bible how to practice them."

ANDREW JACKSON.—"It is my fervent prayer to that Almighty Being before whom I now stand, and who has kept us in His hands from the infancy of the republic to the present day, that He will so overrule all my intentions and actions, and inspire the hearts of my fellow-citizens, that we may be preserved from dangers of all kind, and continue forever a united and happy people. The Bible is the rock on which our republic rests."

GENERAL HARRISON.—"I deem the present occasion sufficiently important and solemn to justify me in expressing to my fellow citizens a profound reverence for the Christian religion, and a thorough conviction that sound morals, religious liberty, and a just sense of religious responsibility are essentially connected with all true and lasting happiness. I think I enjoy religion and delight in the duties of a child of God, and have concluded to unite with the Church of God, as soon as my health will permit me to go out."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—"To-day I leave you. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved on General Washington. Unless the great God who assisted him, shall be with and aid me, I cannot prevail, but if the same omniscient mind and the same almighty arm that directed and protected him shall guide and support me, I shall not fail, I shall succeed. Let us pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To Him I commend you all. Permit me to ask, that with equal sincerity and faith, you will all invoke His wisdom and guidance for me."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.—"I have lived a long time, and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured in the sacred writings, that except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it; I therefore move that henceforth prayers imploring the assistance of Heaven, and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in Congress every morning, before we proceed to business."

☞ Mrs Sally Atwood, of Myrickville, Mass., passed her one hundred and fourth birthday, on Saturday, in good health and spirits. There appears to be no diminution of either the mental or bodily faculties of the worthy old lady.

Remarkable Cholera Case.

592 CASES TREATED—NO DEATHS.

All the medical cholera schools use camphor in the treatment of cholera, and its value has been admitted on all sides; yet it has always failed to effect the desired cure, unless the experience of Dr. Rubini should prove an exception. The "saturated spirits of camphor" used by this eminent Neapolitan physician consists, as we learn from a correspondent of the London Star, of equal parts, by weight, of camphor and spirits, and to the power thus obtained he attributes his success in the treatment of the disease. The ordinary spirits of camphor consist of one part by weight of camphor to nine parts of spirits of wine, while the homœopathic preparation is made by mixing one of camphor to five of the spirits of wine. The quantity of camphor which water will take up is small, and to obtain the "saturated spirits of camphor of Rubini," it is necessary to distil spirits of wine, and get rid of so much of its water as will bring it over to 60 degrees overproof, in which condition it will dissolve and hold in solution its own weight of camphor.

With this "saturated spirits of camphor" Dr. Rubini treated in Naples 592 cases of Asiatic cholera without the loss of a single patient. Of these 592 cases, 200 were cured in the Ospedale Almshouse, 110 in the Royal Poor-house, and 186 in the 3d Swiss Regiment of Wolff. That the 592 cases treated by Dr. Rubini in these public institutions were all genuine cases of Asiatic cholera, and some "terribly severe," and that all recovered, the evidence of the following distinguished individuals, with their official seals attached, sufficiently attests: Il Generale Governatore Ricci; Il Maggiore Commandante Nicola Forni; Il Capitano Commandante Carlo Sedero; Generale Commandante Filippo Rocci, Colonel Eduardo Wolff. The method of cure is as follows: "When a man is seized with cholera, he should at once," says Rubini, "lie down, be well wrapped in blankets, and take every five minutes four drops of the saturated tincture of camphor. In very severe cases the dose ought to be increased to from 5 to 20 drops every five minutes. In the case of a man of advanced age, accustomed to take wine and spirits, where the drug given in drops has no effect, give a small coffee spoonful every five minutes, and in a very short time the coveted reaction will occur. Ordinarily, in two, three or four hours, abundant perspiration will come out, and then cure will follow." "The preventive method," writes Dr. Rubini, "is this: Let those who are in good health, while living in accordance with their usual habits, take every day five drops of the saturated spirits of camphor upon a small lump of sugar (water must never be used as a medium, or the camphor will become solid and its curative properties cease), and repeat the dose three or four times a day. Spices, aromatics, herbs, coffee, tea, and spirituous liquors should be avoided."

Here, then, we have as strong a *prima facie* case made out as can well be conceived in favor of the preventibility and curability of the Asiatic cholera, and that by a remedy which is at once portable and inexpensive, and which all sections of the medical profession have heretofore employed, and can, therefore, raise no objection to employing again in increased potency.

Our Big Guns.

The English correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune* writes as follows. What he says is worth considering. It is not to our true interest either to delude ourselves. We want to know exactly what our guns are capable of:—

"The efforts of some of our papers to explain away the signal defeat of the American 15 inch gun at Shoeburyness, are more zealous than successful. It is, I presume, the Navy Department—more or less officially—which puts forward the excuse that 'mammoth' powder was used in the trial instead of the proper service powder. But it appears that 'mammoth' powder was not used. One of the Ordnance Select Committee who made the trial writes that the word 'mammoth' got on the first programme card by mistake, but could scarcely have misled anybody, since the number of grains in an ounce was given at 25. At any rate, it is now officially stated that the powder used was American service powder, which, though weaker than English, is stronger than the French. The suggestion of the organ of the Navy Department that the charge was too light, and that it should be increased to 100 pounds, is manifestly meant for this side of the water. Mr. Fox will scarcely persuade an American naval officer who knows the history of these guns to make any such experiment, unless it be on land where the gunners may get to cover. The service charge is 36 pounds, and 60 pounds even are considered so dangerous that but twenty rounds are allowed to be fired from a gun thus overloaded. There is no doubt that the trial at Shoeburyness was a fair trial. The English had no inducement to make it an unfair one; they had every inducement to make it a fair one: for it is above all things important to them that they should know exactly what this 15 inch monster could do. They may not have believed in the gun, but the completeness of its failure to penetrate, or to rack a target which had been repeatedly pierced by much lighter English guns, was a surprise. The moderate power of the big guns was much better known in America than here. They were at one time deemed formidable by some persons in England who are usually well informed on such matters. It will not soon be forgotten how *The Times* hailed the arrival of the Miantonomah last year, when that terrible iron-clad was towed across the unstripped surface of a summer Atlantic sea. The naval supremacy of England was gone—had passed to the Americans, who had outstripped the world in ships and in guns. It was an act of mere good-will and the easy temper of conscious strength that the Miantonomah did not seize Portsmouth and Spithead, and send to the bottom the 15 or 20 iron-clads that lay helplessly in those harbors. All that is changed. The true character of the Miantonomah's voyage came out. Now the guns have been tried, and found ineffective against even the weaker iron-clads of the English fleet, and England, poorly off as she is, really both in ships and in guns, may go to war with America to-morrow, if she chooses, without any apprehension of the navy which a year ago she would have shunned as invincible." G. W. S.

☞ Official returns of the Maine election show a Republican majority of 11,704 in the State. As compared with last year, the Republican vote falls off 11,616, and the Democratic vote increases 4,896.

News of the Week.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

Steamboat Collision on the Hudson.

[From the New York papers of the 20th.]

The steamer Dean Richmond, of the People's line, which left Athens last evening with passengers and freight, was run into by the steamer Vanderbilt, of the Troy line, when nearly opposite Roundout, at ten minutes of one o'clock this morning, and sunk in fifty minutes. The Vanderbilt was bound to Troy. She struck the Richmond about thirty feet from the bow, on the starboard side, and cut into her about twenty five feet, but sustained no injury herself. The passengers, one hundred and forty in number, and crew of the Richmond—with the exception of a negro boy, who was drowned—were immediately transferred to the Vanderbilt, and from thence were sent to the Daniel Drew, which arrived at the scene of disaster soon after, and brought down the river. The Richmond filled and sunk up to her stateroom deck, with all the passengers' baggage and about two hundred tons of freight, consisting mostly of butter and cheese. The Vanderbilt sustained no injury, and proceeded on her voyage to Troy after a short detention. The ample warning which the passengers by the Richmond had, enabled them to leave the sinking boat in comparatively good order, though at first there was some considerable alarm on board, which did not abate until the full extent of the disaster became known. The officers of the boat were prompt in the discharge of their duties in the hour of danger, and devoted their attention solely to the safety of the passengers under their charge.

ANTIETAM.—On the 17th inst., the corner stone of the Antietam Battle-ground Monument was laid in the presence of the President of the United States and Cabinet, the diplomatic corps, representing foreign nations at Washington, a number of the Governors of states, and an assemblage of twenty thousand citizens. Ex-Governor Bradford, of Maryland, delivered an impressive and eloquent oration. A poem was read, and speeches were made by President Johnson, Governor Geary and others.

General Grant was unable to attend the celebration, on account of the pressing business in his department.

DEATH OF SIR FREDERICK BRUCE, BRITISH MINISTER.—Sir Frederick Bruce, British Minister to the United States, died suddenly in Boston on the 19th, at the Tremont House, of throat disease. The Baronet has for four years represented his Court in this country, where he succeeded Lord Lyons. He was an able and experienced diplomat, and was exceedingly popular with his fellow ministers. His course at Washington has given general satisfaction to the United States government.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—The Massachusetts State Temperance Convention met at Worcester on the 17th inst., and was permanently organized by the choice of the Rev. Dr. Eddy, of Boston, as President. Senator Wilson was introduced and made a speech of some length. Resolutions strongly denouncing all liquor license laws, and accepting the work of prohibition as a worthy aim for those who brought about emancipation were adopted.

GRANT CUTTING DOWN EXPENSES.—Gen. Grant has ordered the depot of army clothing and equipage, in New York city, in charge of Gen. D. H. Vinton, to be discontinued, and the greater portion of the stores there will be transferred to Gray's Ferry Arsenal, at Philadelphia. The balance will be sold.

RECONSTRUCTION.—General Schofield has ordered that the election for a State Convention in Virginia take place on October 22d. One hundred and five delegates are to be elected.

GENERAL JOSEPH A. MOWER has been appointed to command the Fifth Military District until Hancock's arrival, and Gen. J. J. Reynolds has been assigned to the command of the Sub-district of Texas.

THE PACIFIC RAILWAYS.—The Union Pacific Railroad is now finished four hundred and sixty miles west of Omaha, and within fifty miles of Cheyenne city. The Kansas branch of the Pacific railroad is completed twelve miles beyond the station just accepted by the government, which carries the track two hundred and seventy miles west of the Missouri river.

THE gross earnings of the Kansas branch of the Union Pacific Railway for August was $236,000. The government business for the same time was $60,000, of which one half is retained by the United States Treasurer, which amount pays the interest on all the bonds issued to this company, and contributes nearly seven per cent. towards the payment of the principal.

THE INDIAN WAR.—Letters from Fort Dodge state that the Indians are very numerous in that vicinity. The scouts say that the Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, Camanches, and Kiowas have consolidated, and there are two thousand of them on the war-path. On the 10th inst., thirty miles from Fort Dodge, a train of forty wagons, laden with Spencer ammunition and quartermaster's stores, *en route* for Fort Dodge, was attacked and five wagons captured. The day following another train was attacked, twenty-five miles above Fort Dodge, and four men killed, twelve mules captured, and near Fort Lyon, a train bound to New Mexico was attacked and sixty mules taken. The stage company's station, at Cameron crossing, was robbed of ten mules the same night.

An Omaha despatch says that the Montana volunteers had a fight with the Sioux and Crow Indians on the Yellow Stone river on the 1st inst. Two whites were killed. The Indian loss was not known.

The citizens of Montana are calling loudly for the government to stop the Indian outrages or leave them to do it themselves.

An expedition under Captain Nelson is pushing for the Yellow Stone, against the Upper Sioux and Blackfeet.

The Indians, in council with the Peace Commission on the North Platte, are reported to demand the unconditional abandonment of the country and of the Pacific Railroad as a condition of peace. They also demand a supply of guns and ammunition. Probably the demand really is for the abandonment of the country which the whites have no treaty-right to pass through or occupy.

CALIFORNIA.—SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 16.—Returns from 48 counties, partly official, gives Haight, (Dem.) 42,300; Gorham, (Repub.) 34,740; Fay, (Ind. Repub.) 1,558.

The returns for the vote for Congressmen have been received from a few counties only. It cannot be known fully for several days, but it is certain that only one Union candidate, Higby, is elected. The Union majority in the Senate is now known to be four, enough to prevent the repeal of the registry law, or a division of the school fund, which is favored by a large portion of the Democratic party.

MARYLAND ELECTION.—The election for a new Constitution in Maryland was held on the 26th. The majority for the Constitution will be about 20,000 in the State.

THE TOBACCO CONVENTION.—The National Convention of Tobacconists at Cleveland, closed on the 18th, after a harmonious session of two days, most of the time at the Weddell House parlors. Resolutions were passed favoring the imposition of a tax of ten cents on all manufactured tobacco and snuff, cigars excepted; favoring Government stamps to be paid for before using, provided the tobacco tax is reduced to the specified rate—ten cents—and to be placed on each package, so as to preclude a second use, and that any legislation reducing the tax on tobacco should be prospective, and not go into effect in less than sixty days from the passage of the act.

SHIPMENTS OF CORN.—Large quantities of corn are being shipped from Nashville, Tenn., northward. The sending of corn to Louisville and Cincinnati is something almost beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The cause is simply that a better price by some twenty cents, is paid in Cincinnati than in Nashville. Several car loads of corn are now shipped North daily over the Louisville and Nashville railroad.

MEXICO.—The Austrian Admiral Tegethoff has arrived at the City of Mexico with a Mexican escort from Vera Cruz. He has been well received by the government. He is to have an interview with Senor Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada, Minister for Foreign Affairs. It is very probable that the body of Maximilian will be delivered to his charge.

THE YELLOW FEVER.—The deaths from yellow fever in New Orleans, during the last week, have ranged from fifty to seventy daily. In Galveston and throughout Texas, the epidemic rages with undiminished severity. Contributions are being raised in Philadelphia for the relief of the sufferers.

ANOTHER suit has been brought against the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad, for refusing to admit a negro to a first-class car upon a first-class ticket. The company will stand the suit, as a test for the Southern railroads.

A TOLL-GATE keeper, named Merritt, died a few days since, near Peru, Ill., of hydrophobia, having been bitten by his own dog. The "madstone" was tried without avail.

THE grasshopper legions are reported to be gradually moving across the state of Iowa in most destructive style, and are said to be within ten miles of Des Moines. These plagues, the local papers say, devastate a country worse than an invading army.

IT is announced by the Army and Navy Journal that Gen. George B. McClellan will sail for the United States in the steamship Persia some time in November. The General is still in Switzerland.

GENERAL POPE has ordered an election in Georgia for a State Convention, to begin on October 20th, and continue three days. The Convention, if chosen, will consist of 160 delegates.

Foreign Intelligence.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT AT COPENHAGEN.—Admiral Farragut was entertained at Copenhagen, on the 14th, at a grand fete given in his honor by the U. S. Minister, George H. Yeaman. All the Americans in the city, visitors and residents, took part in the festivities. Several members of the Government, and many officers of the Danish navy were present, and vied with his countrymen in doing honor to the distinguished guest. The entertainment concluded with a dinner, at which speeches were made by both Americans and Danes, heartily welcoming the Admiral. Toasts were drank to his health and to the welfare of the United States.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA TO REVIEW THE BADEN ARMY.—King William of Prussia will visit Rastadt at once on invitation of the Grand Duke of Baden, who has requested his Majesty to hold there a review of the military forces of the grand duchy.

The Cabinets of Berlin and Vienna are engaged in negotiating a commercial treaty which will relieve trade between Germany and Austria from many restrictions, and will tend to make the business relations of the two countries more satisfactory than they have been at any time since the late war.

GREAT BRITAIN.—ELECTION OF DELEGATES TO THE PAN-ANGLICAN SYNOD.—An informal meeting was held at Lambeth on the 17th, by the Delegates to the Pan-Anglican Synod, which has been called together by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Bishops Hopkins, of Vermont, and Odenheimer, of New Jersey, and many other Episcopal clergymen from the United States have arrived and were present at the meeting.

FENIAN RIOT.—Quite a serious Fenian riot occurred in Manchester on the 19th, resulting in the killing and wounding of several persons.

While a strong police force was escorting the Fenian Colonel Kelly, recently arrested, and Deasy, from the jail to the railroad depot, preparatory to their removal to Dublin for trial, an attack was made by a mob of people, armed with clubs, stones and fire-arms. A desperate battle ensued for a time, when the police, finding themselves overpowered, were obliged to give way. The prisoners were rescued by the mob, and carried off in triumph.

The city is now quiet. One policeman was killed and several others injured. Many of the rioters were also badly injured.

A proclamation was immediately issued by the authorities, offering a reward of £300 for the recapture of the prisoners.

Telegrams received from Manchester up to five o'clock on the 20th, announce that the rescued prisoners are still at large, though, it is thought, that they cannot have escaped from the city. A great many rioters have been arrested.

FENIAN DEMONSTRATION AT BELFAST.—A resident of Belfast, supposed to have been a secret director of the Fenian organization in this section of Ireland, died recently, and was buried on the 17th. His funeral was the occasion of extensive and significant demonstrations. Over eight thousand people joined in the procession which followed the remains of the deceased to the grave.

THE CHOLERA IN SICILY.—The Consul at Palermo, under date of Aug. 30th, writes to the State Department as follows:—I have to report the continuance of the cholera epidemic in this city from the 9th to the 18th. It increased to five hundred cases daily, but since then it has gradually decreased, so that we had only about one hundred cases yesterday. The city is resuming a cheerful appearance, but the havoc that this dreadful disease has caused among the lower classes is incredible. The number of dead is thus far estimated at 5,000, which, added to 5132 last fall, makes a loss of about 10,000 persons in less than one year, or five per cent. on the population of the city."

CRETE.—The contradictory stories in regard to the war in Crete, still prevail. The Greeks deny that the Turks have been successful in their battles with the Cretans.

PRUSSIA.—The Minister of Finance, Baron Von der Heydt, presented his budget in Parliament on the 19th. The national income for the year is estimated at 52,000,000 thalers, and the expenditures at 72,002,000. The deficit is to be shared between Prussia and Saxony.

THE WAR ARMY.—The Paris correspondent of the London Times writes:—No business at the Bourse, but plenty of Chassepot rifles in store. Thus may be summed up the present state of affairs here. Not only on the Paris Bourse, but throughout France, very little business is doing, for confidence seems gone and credit dead.

The prevailing opinion undoubtedly is *that next year will bring war.* Whether or not it is predestined to do so, the belief alone suffices to work incalculable mischief. The state of chronic apprehension *and restricted credit* seems of late to have spread from France to other nations, and all Europe suffers for it. The Emperor's speeches, even the most pacific of them, have persuaded nobody that the hour of action is far removed; and the French administration is bestirring itself to be ready for all eventualities.

Besides the accelerated manufacture of the new rifle, which it may be urged is not unnatural when once the adoption of that weapon has been decided upon, other preparations of a more significant nature are being made.

Immense quantities of oats are going from the north of Europe to France. As fast as a French regiment is trained in the use of the Chassepot rifle it is moved toward the Rhine frontier. Sixty thousand men are massed near Luxemburg. The new cannon, which fires twenty balls a minute and mows down a forest a mile off, is exciting a great sensation. Private letters from influential persons speak quite as gloomily of the threatening aspect of affairs.

THE QUAKER CITY EXCURSIONISTS.—Yalta, Russia, August 27.—The American excursionists in the steamer Quaker City visited the Emperor of Russia in a body, at his summer palace, three miles from here, yesterday, and were received with a cordiality and freedom from ceremony unusual to royalty as seen by freemen. Russian officers remarked that no delegation from Europe would have been received so heartily.

CHINA.—The continued drought in North China is ascribed by the anti Foreign party at Pekin to the proposal of Tony Craymen to employ foreign instruments in astronomy and mathematics.

The Emperor received numerous petitions to prohibit the invasion upon the ancient customs.

ITALY.—The preparations of the party of action in Italy for a revolutionary movement on Rome are about completed, and it was rumored in London that Sunday (the 22d) was fixed upon by Garibaldi as the day upon which the long-deferred attempt was to be made.

THE probabilities of a war between Prussia and France have been diminished by a circular letter of Bismarck, in which he accepts the Napoleonic idea that the Saltzburg Conference was a pledge of peace.

The London journals comment favorably upon this note, regarding it as pacific in tone, and tranquilizing in its tendency.

A Scene at Bonn—The Doctors.

A rather sensational incident happened the other day, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, at the "promotion" of a candidate of medicine to the doctorship at the University of Bonn. According to the latest regulations, it is permitted to the candidates to use the German language instead of the Latin, as hitherto customary, not only in their dissertations, but even in their disputations connected with certain "theses" which the candidate has to assert and to defend publicly. This portion of the solemnity always used to be an unmitigated farce. No one cared for these theses any more than the candidate himself. Two of his personal friends used to come forward and attack them *pro forma*, in the same loose Latin in which he defended them, and not one of those who were bound to be present at this sham ever listened to it for an instant. It was regarded merely as a venerable piece of the old "mediæval pigtail." The introduction of the living language, however, has altered all this.

In the exuberance of youthful spirits, and bitten by a passion for distinction, a young "Doctor of Medicine" the other day enunciated as his opinion "that the art of the physician ought not to be employed for the prolongation of a life which cannot be of use either to the patient himself or to the State." No sooner had he pronounced this dictum than the "Aula," professors and students, rose like one man to protest against it. The first that lifted his voice was the Dean of the medical faculty himself, who, instead of entering into any discussion, reprimanded the culprit in a most severe and impressive speech, reminding him among other things, that not only were such sentiments opposed to morals and science, but that the oath he was about to take as a member of the medical profession could have no meaning if these were his views, since it stood in direct contradiction to them. The Dean of the Legal Faculty followed with another oration in the same direction—all in good, intelligent, and most vigorous German. Some of his own colleagues were about to follow this example, and protest in the name of the students, when the unlucky candidate thought it best to retract formally and solemnly. He was then duly "doctored."

☞ FEED RACKS.—Never feed your cattle in the yard without a "rack." Economy rightly enough shrugs her shoulders at so slovenly a practice. The actual loss to the farmer from this waste is equal to the cost of half a dozen racks and the expense of keeping them in complete repair for years. Any farmer, who has an axe, saw and auger, can make one.

☞ An Iowa correspondent of the *Rural American* lays down land to grass by sowing the seed immediately after harvesting his oats, trusting to the cattle, which are turned in to pasture off the stubble, to tramp in the seed.

☞ THE sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being contented under any circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts.

Health of Women.

We were consulted some time ago, by an elegant lady of fashionable life on account of two of her beautiful daughters, who were as sylph like and symmetrical as fashion could make them, but who showed too plainly that their forms and constitutions were as frail as debility could mar them without actually manifesting some specific form of disease. "Oh, what shall I do for my beautiful girls!" exclaimed the mother. "Give them strength," I replied. "And how shall that be done?" said she. "Let them make their own beds, carry their own water up stairs and down, and sweep their own rooms, and perchance the parlor and drawing-room, go to market and bring baskets of provisions home, garden, wash and iron!" Looking at me with surprise, she said, "what sort of minds would they have, what sort of bodies?" I answered, "They would have as healthy and happy ones as your servants. You now give all the health and happiness to your domestics. Be merciful to your daughters and let them have a share."

Work, without useful aim or end, is not occupation nor employment. When the tread mill was introduced as a mode of punishment, the wretched prisoners felt themselves more degraded by "doing nothing," as they called it, than by their crimes. How many ladies in fashionable life are doomed for years to feel the bitterness of "doing nothing!" What wonder if they are nervous, irritable, and diseased. Useful work, or satisfactory employment, is as essential to the health of the mind as to that of the body.

The first and strongest principle of our nature is that of rectitude, or what ought to be. Every human being is possessed of this lofty but awful feeling—the deep sense of rectitude or propriety. A feeling which is never satisfied, is a perpetual source of misery, like hunger unappeased, or appetite uncatered for. Can any woman, surveying her body, or considering her mind, seriously conclude that she is not called upon for any useful work, or necessary contribution to society? and that to be adorned and admired is all her duty and her destiny? This would exclude her from the republic of mind and morals, and class her with pet animals and flowers.—*Dr. Dixon.*

☞ There is, this season, an extraordinary abundance of cereal crops in Egypt. Prices of grain have fallen nearly two-thirds since harvest ended.

☞ A man owns a peach orchard four and a half miles from Marysville, Ky., containing from five thousand to six thousand trees of the best varieties. Recently he disposed of the crop "as it hangs," to a Cincinnati house, for the sum of fourteen thousand dollars. This is an average of about $2,75 for each tree.

☞ A good story is told of Camp-meeting John Allen: At a social gathering of ministers of different denominations, a Baptist brother made a display of objection to the Methodist polity, because, as he said, there was "too much machinery to it." "Yes," responded Brother Allen, "there is a good deal of machinery, but it don't take so much *water* to run it as the Baptist does."

☞ How large a portion of our happiness in this world arises from its vicissitudes! The truth is become a maxim continually proposed and immediately assented to, but who considers it? They are the changes of daily life which stimulate hope, regulate business, propose rest and reward labor. Like our daily bread, they must be looked for and prepared for.

☞ Although it is more than five years since the death of Prince Albert, the mourning seal in black wax continues to be affixed to all the official letters of the English Government in its several departments, nor does there appear to be any probability of a return to the red official seal.

☞ A great man is affable in his conversation, generous in his temper, and immovable in what he has maturely resolved upon. And as prosperity does not make him haughty and imperious, so neither does adversity sink him into meanness and dejection; for if ever he shows more spirit than ordinary, it is when he is ill-used, and the world is frowning upon him. In short, he is equally removed from the extremes of servility and pride, and scorns either to trample on a worm, or cringe to an emperor.

☞ Economy in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes that good breeding has on our conversation.

☞ Rufus Choate, in maintaining the worthlessness of certain testimony offered upon the other side, in a case in which he was engaged, once said; "It would be as difficult to find a grain of truth in that testimony as to find *a drop of water spilled in the Desert of Sahara in the times of the Crusaders!*"

☞ The Lowell Courier, of Tuesday evening, says:—"Yesterday, in a notice of the New Hampshire State Fair, we stated that probably a good many Lowell people would be present. The types left off the last syllable of Lowell, and made us say that a good many Low—people would be present.

☞ There is infinite pathos in unsuccessful authorship. The book that perishes unread is the deaf-mute of literature. The great asylum of Oblivion is full of such, making inaudible signs to each other in leaky garrets and unattainable dusty shelves.

☞ In the memoirs of Dr. Channing is to be found some good advice to those given to reverie. The Doctor says: "Do anything innocent rather than give yourself up to reverie. I can speak on this point from experience. At one period of my life I was a dreamer and castle-builder. Visions of the distant future took the place of present duty and activity. I spent hours in reverie. I supposed I was seduced in part by physical debility. But the body suffered as much as the mind. I found, too, that the imagination threatened to inflame the passions, and that if I meant to be virtuous, I must dismiss my musings. The conflict was a hard one; I resisted, prayed, resisted, sought refuge in occupation, and at length triumphed. I beg you to avail yourself of my experience."

☞ The following is a copy of a large notice hung up in the cars of the Cambridge Horse Railroad: "Special Notice to Passengers—On and after September 1st, 1867, Passengers can purchase of the Conductors FIVE six cent way tickets for 30 cents. Per order," (Signed by the Superintendent.)

☞ A Mormon settlement is located in Minnesota, at Rattle Lake, which is called the most charming place in the State. It consists of eighteen families. They occupy a thousand acres of well-fenced and well cultivated land. They are disciples of Joe Smith, and do not permit polygamy. The settlement is quiet and industrious.

WHAT WE CAN NEVER CATCH.—Children, what is that you can never catch, even if you were to chase after it as quick as possible, with the swiftest horse in the world?

You can never catch the word that has gone out of your lips. Once spoken, it is out of your power; do your best, you can never recall it. Therefore, take care what you say, for "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin; but he that refraineth his lips is wise."—*Proverbs* ix. 19.

[COMMUNICATED.]

The Great American Tea Company, 31 and 33 Vesey street, New York, sell all kinds of Teas, the finest included, cheaper at retail than most of the country grocers can buy at wholesale, for the reason that they buy by the cargo at a large discount from jobbing prices. Parties clubbing together, each one subscribing for the number of pounds and kinds he wants, as he would for a newspaper or a magazine, save from 30 cts. to 40 cts. on a pound. Each parcel is marked with the subscribers' address, and all sent in one package to the person who sends the order, and a complimentary package to him for his trouble when the money sent is over $30.

☞ The petrified body of a woman was dug up at Albany last week. It was as white and nearly as solid as marble. The body has been buried seventeen years.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Read the following remarkable cure:

PHILADELPHIA, June 29, 1866.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Seeing your advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits in a day, at about intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep and would fall wherever I would be or whatever I would be occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, so that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any persons wishing any information, will obtain it by calling at my residence, 836 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WM. ELDER.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. jy 6-eow10t

---

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible As a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when specks of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar 16-eow-tf

TAKE AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to purify the blood and purge out the humors, pimples, boils, and sores which are merely emblems of the rottenness within. sep21-2t

---

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT, compared with all other ointments or salves, is as gold is to the common metals. Others may sometimes cure, but this Ointment never fails. Old sores and ulcers disappear in a few days under its healing influence. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. WILLIAM MAGILL to Miss ANNA M. POLLOCK, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, D. D., Mr. DAVID T. SMITH, to Miss BELLA W. LAWSON, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. THEODORE W. WIDMER to Miss ELLEN BROWNING, both of Germantown Pa.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Wilder, Mr. THEODORE W. SMITH to Miss ELIZA BRADY, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. Wm. T. Eva, Mr. JAMES C. REYNOLDS to Miss HANNAH SOUTHWELL, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. HARRY HOFFMANN to HENRIETTA CRAMER, former Marshal, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. SUSAN GLEASON, daughter of John and Sarah Widener.

On the 16th instant, ELEANOR H., widow of the late Farmer Burns, in her 75th year.

On the 16th instant, LEWIS WALTON, in his 67th year.

On the 15th instant, DAVID L. CROATS, in his 65th year.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. ANN PHILLIPS, aged 70 years.

On the 15th instant, RUTH, widow of the late Arthur White, in her 70th year.

On the 14th instant, HENRY PHILLIPS, in his 37th year.

On the 14th instant, JULIA A. BECHTEL, in her 35th year.

On the 14th instant, JOHN SHILLING, in his 53d year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who mean the whole of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 28 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving)	$2.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and *one* engraving.	4.00

CLUBS.

2 copies		$4.00
4 "		6.00
5 "	(and one to getter-up of club)	8.00
8 "	" " "	12.00
14 "	" " "	20.00
20 "	" " "	28.00

A copy of the large and beautiful Premium Engraving ("One of Life's Happy Hours") WILL BE SENT TO EVERY ONE SENDING ON A CLUB. The sender of a club of five and over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

☞ Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's or Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 20 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars—that is, ten dollars in addition to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents*.

ETHEL.

BY H. SAVILE CLARKE.

Sweet Ethel, the gleam of thy dress is
To wild-star that leads me to-night,
Where the moon-shimmer touches thy tresses,
But scarcely can make them more bright.
And now like a suitor beholden
To me cry, if mercy may be,
I come with my heart all unfolded,
My queen before thee.

She stands at the outermost portal,
And coldly welcomes me in;
A beautiful spirit immortal,
Too fair for humanity's sin.
The firelight behind, as before her
The sheen of the starlight, falls faint,
What wonder, I kneel and adore her,
Oh, exquisite saint!

Shine out, happy moon, o'er my maiden;
Smile, stars, over woodland and lea,
And, Night, be the bosom o'erladen
With blessings for all, as for me;
For a word that oblivion can never
Blot out has been whispered through tears,
And that shall be sacred forever,
'Mid all the long years.

HOW BOAT RACERS ARE TRAINED.—The Ward Brothers, who won the boat race at Springfield recently, went through a severe training for that contest. For several weeks they ate lean mutton and beef, careful always to avoid fat; had no pepper, spices, or any condiments in their food, and only a little salt; abjured vinegar and all other acids, as well as tobacco in every form; drank little water at their meals, or at any other time, and no stronger liquors, except occasionally a little Scotch ale or claret; took exercise systematically, with an especial reference to increasing their muscular power and improving their "wind;" and after every exercise were persistently "rubbed down," as a well-attended horse would be. This discipline had attained such complete results that the brothers were able to row six miles with scarcely a quickening of the pulse.

☞ When a man attains power he has all the virtues of an epitaph; let him fall into misfortune and he has more vices than the prodigal son.

BY THE DEAD.

You are gone away, away!
Here the tabernacling clay—
But the shutters now are fast,
And the door has swung its last;
The cold body lies quite still
As a snow-drift on the hill.

Are you *really* gone away?
You did love me night and day.
Are you gone? I kiss your eyes,
But they flutter not to rise;
Long I whisper in your ear—
You would speak if you were here.

You are gone, sweet spirit, where?
Are you near me in the air—
All invisible to me—
Yet my weeping do you see,
And lean downward close and low,
Watching wistful where I go?

Do you feel heat of the sun—
Chill of night when day is done—
Clammy touch of drifting snow?
Hear the wild winds when they blow—
Flattering leaves and falling rain—
Rivers running through the plain?

Do you see the purple heath
On the cliffs, and underneath
Azure seas and yellow sands,
Poppied cornfields on the lands—
Or is earth lie sight and sound
So much loose mist coiling round?

When at night upon my bed
Seeking sleep, I find instead
Some strange coldness on the brow,
Feel it coming—going now—
Is *your* presence in the place,
And your breath upon my face?

When by day I take my stand,
Working steady, head and hand,
Comes a warm thrill to my soul,
Spreading swiftly through the whole—
Are *you* there with touch intense,
Flashing through the bars of sense?

This I know not, but I know
You are gone from all below:
You will suffer no more pain,
Never weep or grieve again—
I am glad that this is known,
Though I stay here all alone.

You are with the angels, dear,
And they tell you not to fear;
Though surpassing glories blind
Mortal eye and mortal mind:
And they teach you what to do
In the Land with all things new.

I must try to follow on
To the Heaven that you have won;
I remember what you said,
And the path you bid me tread—
Though I cannot see you near,
I shall think you see me here.

You are gone away, away!
Pass the night and pass the day,
We shall meet in that sweet place,
Hand in hand, and face to face—
With the resting there to rest,
With the blessed to be blest.

Dr. Dendy's Prescription.

I.

Dr. Dendy was not good-looking. He might even have been called ugly, but that there is an excellent precept impressed on all well cared-for minds in their nursery stage of formation, to the effect that no one may be so offensively described except it be a certain notorious personage whom it will not be necessary to name. Let us say, therefore, that Dr. Dendy was plain.

He was a physician in large practice. Jocose people said of him that in the course of his professional career he had had occasion to thrust so many guineas into his pockets that eventually the gold coin, carried so much about his person, had got into his own circulation, and effected the color of his skin. Certainly his complexion was deeply tinged with yellow. He was very bald, with a narrow festoon of iron-gray hair at the back of his head. His small, neat, wiry figure was always clothed in black, his coat being invariably buttoned tight across his chest. He was of middle age, perhaps a little better—which expression, as applied to age, is generally understood to signify a little worse, or older. He lived in a grand, gaunt, murky house in Harley street, seldom setting foot in more than two rooms of it, however—his library and his bed-room. He was the author of an admired treatise on the Pathology of the Heart, to which work he was constantly adding annotations and commentaries, with a view of completely exhausting and settling the subject. When he was able to devote a little more time to it, his book, he was satisfied, would be the only authority on the Heart—physiologically and pathologically considered.

But his time was very much occupied. He saw patients at his own house almost before he had swallowed his breakfast; later in the day, he saw other patients at their own homes; he was one of the physicians to St. Lazarus Hospital, and gave lectures on Materia Medica, course after course, to the students of that excellent institution; he was a Fellow, or a Member, of all sorts of scientific societies, and on certain days in the weeks he attended the boards of various assurance companies, examined papers, and passed or rejected lives proposed for insurance. He was hard working and prosperous. Few men in the profession, it was said, made so large an income. Go to what part of the town you would you seemed to be for ever encountering Dr. Dendy's two horse carriage rattling along at a great pace, going to or from patients and the accompanying golden fees.

When the Doctor started in the morning he gave his coachman a list of the places he was to drive to. In this list the coachman had known entered now for some months a certain house in Calthorpe street. You called at Calthorpe street, Russell Square, if you were desirous of consulting the predilections of its inhabitants; if you were heedless in that respect, you spoke of it with perhaps greater accuracy as Calthorpe street, Gray's Inn Road. Dr. Dendy always appeared to prefer the first-mentioned designation.

The coachman treated himself to a furtive smile whenever he read Calthorpe street in his list. The Doctor had a patient there, of course. But then, as the coachman noted, his master went there oftener and stayed there longer than anywhere else. Of course the patient might be in a more deplorable state, might stand more in need of protracted visits from a medical adviser than any other of Dr. Dendy's patients; but the coachman was inclined to think such was not the case.

On the first floor of the house in Calthorpe street visited by Dr. Dendy there lodged one Captain Lance, a retired Indian officer, and his only child, Miss Milly Lance. Captain Lance was in feeble health from a distressing asthma, and from other infirmities of a painful nature. He did not bear his sufferings patiently; was, indeed, very peevish and petulant, and hard to please; exhibited all the selfishness and want of consideration which a long course of ill-health is apt to develope in almost any one, however great may have been his original stock of equanimity and good-nature. But Captain Lance had not begun with much excellence of temper; and now, a confirmed invalid, it may be said of him that he had no temper at all, except of the very worst sort. He was attended, however, with a ceaseless solicitude, an untiring affection, by his daughter Milly, a slim, fair girl of eighteen or so, not very remarkable-looking, beyond that she possessed a profusion of glossy brown hair, and a pair of large, luminous, dove-like eyes.

No wonder she was pale. She was always by the side or within call of her invalid father. She was hardly ever permitted to stir from his sick room. It was dull, tiring work. "Don't go, Milly," he would say, sharply; "I may want you; there's no knowing." She could only escape when he dozed: his asthma lulled for a while by anodynes. Awake, he would have her ever near him, waiting on him, slaving for him, nursing him. Now and then he would upbraid her bitterly for some fancied neglect of him, the poor child with a twitching face patiently standing by him the while, replying only by her tears, her caresses, and her increased exertions for his comfort. Then he would make her the audience of his repinings, tell over and over again the story of his sufferings, bursting out occasionally into passionate lamentations over his broken health and ruined fortunes. What could she say? What could she do? It was tiring, cruel work for poor Milly Lance.

He was poor. The fact was too often harped on and groaned over for Milly not to be conscious enough of it.

Yet it must be said that Dr. Dendy had made no inroads on the sick man's straitened means.

"No, my dear," he said to Milly, on his first visit, putting from him with a smile the proffered fee, "it mustn't be. We doctors have all our crotchets. Each of us has his free list. One enters clergymen upon it; another, authors; a third, artists. For my part, I never take a fee from a soldier. I should be ashamed to do it. My own father was a soldier, and served in India, as your father has served, only he was more fortunate. He was a general of division when he died. Don't let us hear any more talk about fees. It mustn't be thought of for a moment."

"Oh, Dr. Dendy, how good of you! But—you'll come and see him again?" Milly said, timidly thankful, yet alarmed. Would so great a man as the physician be content to continue laboring without his due reward?

"My dear, I shall come again and again, as often as possible, till, between us, we've made poor papa quite well again."

This was on the occasion of Dr. Dendy's first visit to Calthorpe street. Milly's gratitude seemed to know no bounds. And then, thanks to Providence and the Doctor's remedies, her invalid's health had certainly mended of late. He had not scolded her for nearly three days, and for about a quarter of an hour he had been almost cheerful. Indeed, she had reason to be grateful.

II.

The Doctor left Milly Lance with a fluttering sensation about his heart, such as he had taken no account, made no mention of whatever, in his famous treatise upon that organ. He returned to Calthorpe street often. He alleged that it was very necessary for him to watch closely the effect of his prescriptions upon his patient. And each time that he saw Milly Lance—and he now felt a curious desire to see her as frequently as possible—he experienced a return of that strange fluttering sensation in the cardiac region. He was not alarmed at it: he did not think it was disease; and if it was, he didn't care, for it was not at all disagreeable. Indeed, he liked it. Professionally, he was inclined to regard it as a new development of action—quite healthy in its nature.

For the first time he felt the chosen pursuits of his life not sufficiently attractive or absorbing. Thoughts of a new kind broke in upon his studies, disturbed his practice, interrupted the flow and harmony of his lectures. His great house seemed to him very dreary, his existence very desolate. "Who would nurse and tend me," he asked himself, "if I were to fall ill like poor Captain Lance?" Yet he dismissed the reflections suggested by that inquiry as selfish and unworthy. "No," he said, "I couldn't wish to chain a fair young creature like that to my side only to be my nurse and my servant. If I fall ill—which Heaven forbid!—I must have a paid attendant from the hospital; that will be quite good enough for me. It isn't for such a reason I should wish to make her mine."

For it had come to that. He wished to make Milly Lance his wife.

It was love that was so restless in his heart—playing as many pranks with him as "that shrewd and knavish sprite called Robin Goodfellow" among "maidens of the villagery," housewives and night wanderers. At least, he surmised that love was the disturbing cause of his heart's pulsing. He had had no experience of the sort of thing before; but still he thought he could hardly be mistaken. His disorder must arise from what people generally called Love.

It got to be more than he could bear at last. So he plucked up courage, and in an old-fashioned, formal way he spoke to Captain Lance on the subject, and besought permission to address himself to Miss Lance. And he named a very handsome sum which he proposed to settle on his future wife—if he might regard Miss Lance in that light.

"It shall make no difference to you, Captain," he said, in conclusion, with an adroit consideration for his patient's selfishness. "There's plenty of room in my house. You must pitch your tent there. You shan't be deprive of your nurse. And your medical attendant will be on the spot always. We'll soon make you your old self again."

"I congratulate you, Milly," Captain Lance said presently to his daughter, the Doctor having taken his departure. "You'll accept him, of course. He's ill-looking enough, but he can't help that, and one gets accustomed to ill looks. I don't think him nearly so plain as I first thought him. And he's old; he can't help that either, and he'll the sooner make you his widow. And he's rich, Milly; very rich. Thank goodness, we shall have done with this infernal poverty! You'll accept him at once?"

"You wish it, papa?"

Her face was very white, and there was a sort of choke in her throat as she spoke.

"Of course I do," he answered sharply. "You must be a fool to ask. You don't expect such another chance, do you? And there's no one else in the way. You don't love any one else?"

"No," she answered, faintly.

"I congratulate you. You'll be a happy woman. You'll have more money than you'll know what to do with. The luck's turned at last. Give me a glass of wine, and I'll drink your health and his."

She obeyed; then stooped to kiss him, by way of thanks for his good wishes. Soon she made an excuse to quit the room. She did not want him to see how fast the tears were streaming down her face.

The Doctor received a favorable answer to his suit. Milly only pleaded, in a faint voice, with a frightened look on her face, that there might be no hurry—that time might be allowed her—because—because she so wanted her father's health to improve before she left him, if only for a day.

"Certainly, certainly," said the elated Doctor. "Your will is my law," he added, gallantly; but, at the same time, he thought she need not have seemed quite so much scared as him. Then, not a little embarrassed at so unaccustomed a performance, he kissed her on the forehead. It was hard to say which was the more blushing and confused, the kisser or the kissed.

III.

After this the Doctor was more than ever at the Captain's lodgings, in Calthorpe street. His care for his patient was unremitting. Captain Lance mended—slowly, but certainly.

The Doctor's coachman treated himself to more and more smiles of a furtive sort, especially when the Doctor persuaded Milly now and then to take a drive, and accompany him on a round of professional calls; she remaining in the carriage, of course, while he saw his patients, wrote prescriptions, and fingered pulses and fees. The coachman even ventured to confide to a few favored intimates his opinion that there would, before long, be a "young missus" presiding over the establishment in Harley street.

Dr. Dendy was very happy. Perhaps he wished, now and then, that Milly would look a little less grave; but then he consoled himself with the reflection that it was best so.

"It would be too absurd, at my time of life, to marry a romping, giggling girl. I have no right to expect from her extravagant affection. I must work for her love and earn it. In that way I shall surely gain it at last; at present it is a little too like gratitude. But time will change that—time and my own great affection for her. Dear little Milly!"

He was himself a staid, forbearing, rather stately lover. In such wise he surely recommended himself to Milly, and obtained a ready grant of all her regard and esteem. For her love he was content to wait, and labor, and hope.

Like most men of great mental activity, the Doctor was always very busy with his fingers. His abundant vitality demonstrated itself in a certain restlessness of body and limb. As he talked he liked to curl up a string, or fold up a pipe-light, or snip paper with a pair of scissors. He toyed with Milly's tapes and cottons, let loose her needles from their case, stuck pins into her pincushion in curious forms and patterns. One day, as he sat by her in a playful mood (Captain Lance being asleep in an adjoining room), he turned her work-box over bodily, strewing its contents all about the table.

He took up a carved ivory card-case, and examined it curiously.

"That was a present from Hong-Kong. Is it not beautifully cut?" Milly demanded.

There was a flush upon her cheek as she spoke. He had opened the card-case, which was deemed, perhaps, too good for use; indeed, Milly had few friends upon whom to call and leave cards, and her case contained none; but a photograph fell out.

"That is a distant relative, Mark Lance. He it was who sent me the card-case. He represents a mercantile house at Hong Kong." Her voice trembled a little as she volunteered this explanation.

"Has he been out there long?" the Doctor asked, quietly.

"He came home two years ago. He went out first of all quite as a boy."

"A very good-looking young fellow."

The Doctor closed the card-case. He next took up a small, carefully tied-up packet.

"Those are Mark's letters," said Milly, rather breathlessly. "He generally writes about every other mail. Of late, however, he has not been so regular. I thought we should have heard from him last week; but no letter came."

The Doctor looked thoughtful. Had not something like a sigh escaped her as she said that no letter had come? Did she, then, long so very much to have tidings of her cousin? He turned the letters over and over, poising them in his hand.

"I see they are addressed to you, Milly," he said. There was further inquiry in the expression of his face.

"Would you like to read them?" she asked, simply. "Mark writes very amusing letters. He gives such a capital account of his life at Hong Kong. I think it would amuse you to read it."

"No, thank you, Milly." And he pressed her hand tenderly as he gave her back the letters. For a moment he had doubted her; but he dismissed his doubts. Still he could not repress a feeling of jealousy in regard to this distant relative of Milly's—this Mark Lance. It was a comfort to reflect, however, that Hong-Kong was a very long way off.

IV.

In the course of a few days there was another visitor calling in Calthorpe street. Mark Lance had arrived from Hong-Kong. He had written no letter, it appeared, because he was coming in person.

Dr. Denby, attending his patient with customary punctuality, found the young man in the drawing-room, and recognised him at once. Only, the Doctor was not especially pleased to discover the photograph hardly did Mr. Mark Lance justice. He was, in truth, far handsomer than he appeared in his *carte de visite*—a tall, broad, muscular gentleman, with a sunburnt skin, bright, unflinching blue eyes, and a very white and perfect set of teeth.

Milly seemed nervous and ill at ease, avoided Mark's gaze, answered him monosyllabically. He had brought with him all sorts of presents for her—shawls, scarfs, fans, feathers, paintings, Oriental curiosities, and valuable knick-knackery. She hardly looked at these treasures, however; could with difficulty return her cousin common words of thanksgiving. She was at pains to avoid conversing with him—sought excuses for quitting him. He surveyed her with surprised eyes. "Was this Milly?" he was asking himself. And he felt wronged and hurt.

Dr. Denby cast searching glances at the cousins.

"I must go now," said Mark, abruptly. "I have business at the ship's agents in the city."

"I suppose we shall see you again soon?" Milly asked, in faint tones, looking away from him as she spoke.

"I suppose so," he answered, carelessly.

"I'm going your way, into the city—to the Ostrich Insurance Office, in Cornhill," said Dr. Denby to the young man. "Let me give you a lift in my brougham; you'll find I go faster than most cabs."

They went away together.

"I'm a madman and a fool, that's what I am!" said Mark Lance, impetuously, as he sat in the Doctor's carriage.

"How so?"

"I can't, of course, expect you to understand or sympathize with a lover's miserable imbecilities," the young man went on. "You have never loved as I have. You don't know what love is, as I know it."

"Perhaps not—perhaps not," said the Doctor, with perfect composure.

"I must speak out," cried Mark. "I must tell some one—any one—what I suffer, or I shall go mad! Do you know why I came home so suddenly? Because I loved that girl; because I was sick and dying for love of her; because I couldn't bear to live longer away from her; because it seemed to me that, at all costs, I must set eyes on her again; speak to her of my love for her, whole and true and tender as it is, and entreat her to give me some portion of her love in return. I have been mastered by my love; it has possessed me—it possesses me now, absolutely. To what end? What good has come of it all? You saw how she treated me. She shrinks from, loathes, despises me. I have come home for that!"

"You have loved her long?"

"I have loved her all my life. As a child and a school-boy I loved her—years, years ago. I used to long, while we were playing together, that some wild beast might spring out upon her, so that I might destroy it, and save her or perish for her. I would have done anything for her even then. Any mad task she set me I strove to execute. I was delighted to peril life or limb in her cause. Any mischief that she did I took the blame of, ever. I have been horsewhipped for her many a time. What did I care for the pain, so long as Milly came afterwards to comfort me and dry my tears? What suffering would not yield to a kiss from her, a smile, or a kindly word? But I am a fool to complain—I gave her my heart for a plaything. She has put it from her now with the rest of her playthings ruined and broken—quite done with. I had no right to expect she would do otherwise."

"She knew of your love?"

"How could she not know of it? Yet I was wrong, perhaps, not to speak out. I ought to have put it plainly before her. No; she does not know of my love. I have never dared to speak openly to her concerning it. I was too poor when I came home before—or, rather, I wanted to be richer, and so in some sort worthy of her, before I spoke to her. I thought she cared for me then a little; but that is all over now. Her love for me, if she ever felt any, has quite died out of her heart now. It is hard, very hard to bear. I have toiled only for her; I am rich now. Even her father—he is an exacting gentleman enough—but even he would own that I am now rich enough to think of marrying even his daughter. And now, it seems, it is too late. What have I got by my toils, my long waiting, my forbearance? Nothing. A great gulf has opened between Milly and me, I know not how or why. I have lost all hope of her. I am the most miserable fellow on earth."

And Mark Lance covered his face with his hands.

"I am, I know, a fool, a weak fool, to talk like this," he said, presently, recovering himself. "What must you think of me? What are my sorrows to you? What can you care for a lover's troubles, and longings, and despair? What is my heart to you? What can you know or care about it? Nothing, of course not; nothing."

"Nothing, of course not," the Doctor echoed, mechanically. "No; I know nothing of the human heart."

V.

From the city Dr. Dendy, having parted with Mark Lance, returned to Calthorpe street.

As he entered the drawing-room, with the cautious and noiseless tread of a man well used to sick chambers and acutely sensitive patients, he heard a faint moaning sound.

Milly Lance, with tearful eyes, was reading over once again her letters—was contemplating once more the photograph contained in the ivory card-case. She started, with a half scream, as she found the Doctor at her side.

"Forgive me!" she cried, in an agonized tone. "I—I am going to burn them." And then, hardly knowing what she did, she seemed to be trying to fall on her knees at the Doctor's feet. He raised her up with tenderness.

"Calm yourself, Milly," he said.

She made an effort to throw the letters into the fireplace, but her courage or her strength failed her, and she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"Have mercy," she moaned; "have mercy."

"You are ill, Milly," he said, gently. "Don't be afraid of me, my dear. I wouldn't wrong you or pain you for the world. Calm yourself; dry your eyes. Come, that's better. But what a pulse! Give me a sheet of note paper; I must write you a prescription at once. Mind, you must obey my instructions to the letter." He scribbled a few lines. "Read that, Milly," he said.

She glanced at the paper, expecting to find the usual unintelligible medical hieroglyphics. She started. To her amazement, she found she could understand the prescription—it was written in English, being the first and last prescription which Dr. Denby in the whole course of his professional career had written out of the Latin tongue.

It ran something in this wise:

R. Take Mark Lance to church with you as

soon as possible, and make him your husband. God bless you. (Signed)

JOHN DENDY, M. D.

How her heart beat!

"But—does he love me?"

"You know he does. And you love him. Tell him so when he comes this evening. You needn't speak; only let him read it in your eyes."

"And my father?"

"He shall give his consent. I'll take care of that."

With a cry of joy she threw herself into his arms. She could not speak her thanks, but this action of hers was sufficiently explicit. He kissed her on the forehead. She put up her lips to him; but he didn't, or wouldn't, or couldn't see what she meant.

He went away sighing, very grave in aspect, and yet lightened and comforted by the thought that he had acted rightly.

"Perhaps I shall be able to finish that book of mine, now," he said, gravely. "It's time it was done. One thing—I know more about it than I did. It's but a poor, weak, troublesome organ, after all, the heart; and its ache is very hard to bear. I don't believe there's any certain cure for it in the whole range of the pharmacopœia."

Poor Dr Dendy looked very miserable. "This won't do," he said, presently. "I must prescribe for myself. Hard work: that's my best medicine. It cures a good many complaints. At any rate, it prevents the patient having time to think about them."

CHARMIAN.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I.

In the time when yellow lilies shake
Their dusty gold on river and lake,
When the cuckoo calls in the heart o' the heat,
When the dog-star foams and the shade is sweet;
Where cool and fresh the river ran,
I sat by the side of Charmian,
And heard no sound from the world of man.

II.

All was so sweet and still that day!
The rustling shade, the rippling stream,
All life, all breath, dissolved away
Into a golden dream;
Warm and sweet the scented shade
Drowsily caught the breeze and stirred.
Faint and low through the green glade
Came hum of bee and song of bird;
Our hearts were full of drowsy bliss,
And yet we did not clasp nor kiss,
Nor did we break the happy spell
With tender tone or syllable.
But to ease our hearts and set thought free,
We pluckt the flowers of a red rose-tree,
And leaf by leaf we threw them, sweet,
Into the river at our feet,
And in an indolent delight
Watch'd them glide onward, out of sight.

III.

Oh, had I spoken boldly then,
How might my love have gather'd thee!
But I had left the world of men,
And sitting yonder, dreamlike,
Was happiness enough for me;
Seeking no gift of word or kiss,
But looking in thy face, was bliss;
Plucking the rose-leaves in a dream,
Watching them glimmer down the stream,
Knowing that eastern heart of thine
Shared the dim ecstacy of mine!

IV.

Then, while we linger'd, cold and gray
Came twilight, chilling soul and sense;
And you arose to go away,
Full of sweet indifference!
I missed the spell—I watch'd it break,—
And such come never twice to man:
In a less golden hour I spake,
And did not win thee, Charmian!

V.

For wearily we turned away
Into the world of every day,
And from thy heart the sweetness fled,
Like the rose-leaves on the river shed;
But to me that hour is sweeter far
Than the world and all its treasures are:
Still to sit on, so close to thee,
Were happiness enough for me!
Still to sit on in a green nook,
Nor break the spell by word or look;
To reach out happy hands for ever,
To pluck the rose-leaves, Charmian!
To watch them fade on the golden river;
And hear no sound from the world of man!

—*From the Broadway.*

A FORTUNE IN A NAME.

CHAPTER I.

"As if we didn't know how we spelled our own name!" angrily exclaimed my wife. "Did we always use the final *e*? They seemed to be very particular about that!"

"Ours isn't a case like that of Browne or Smythe," I observed, a little nettled. "The Satterthwaites never did spell it without the *e*. Try it—it looks preposterous."

"Besides, we really might not have been permitted to have a grandfather! When I said I knew that your grandfather spelled it so, they grew quite excited, and asked, could I prove you ever had a grandfather who wrote his name so? I only wish you had been at home."

I tried to soothe my wife by suggesting that it was very mysterious, and that the persons who had made these odd inquiries did not appear to have been over-polite. I, however, made a pretence for going back to glance round the entrance-hall, anxious to see whether this was some new metropolitan device for occupying the attention of the female members of households, while petty felony was perpetrated. I was relieved to find that the proper number of extra articles of attire were still hanging upon the pegs; our two best umbrellas I was glad to notice safe in the stand; nor had the door-mat been rolled up and conveyed away. It did not appear that the inquisitive persons were thieves; but if this was reassuring in one sense, it was perplexing in another. I determined, therefore, to put a further question or two to my good little Letitia.

"How many persons were there?" I asked.

"Two."

"Do you recollect how they were dressed?"

"Oh, they were dressed pretty well; dark clothes, something like yours. One wore spectacles, I recollect."

"Did they say they wanted me to sign anything?"

"No; and I hope you will do no such thing," was eagerly added.

"I meant that perhaps they were going round with a parochial memorial—somebody wanting a new gas-lamp in the street, or something of that kind," I explained, sitting down to the tea-table with as light an air as I could assume. "Very likely, however, they are somebody from the church: we have a fresh clergyman, and they often collect information about the inhabitants. Generally two make the visitation in company, and generally one of them wears spectacles."

"Nonsense!" was the decisive answer, the flow of tea into my cup being prematurely arrested. "Would the clergyman have your name printed in a book? or if he had it printed in the rate-book, would he have any need to send here about it?"

I informed Letitia that they did not print the rate-books; but she had before mentioned a book in connection with these inquisitive individuals, and the recalling of that fact quite upset the easy conclusion I had been attempting in my own mind—namely, that the visitors were simply upon some such common-place errand as I had just hinted at. The further information I elicited from my wife on this point, only made the whole affair more strange. It was a rather large book, she said (though I made out that, in her excitement, she was not at all reliable in this particular: once she asserted that it was the size of the housekeeping book, and then again that it was as big as the *Illustrated London News*); it was a volume bound in crimson, she added, with gilt lettering on the back, and also upon the sides, and is appeared to be printed in close double columns. I had seen advertisements announcing that certain persons kept a printed record of heirs of property in Chancery, and of unclaimed dividends at the Bank of England! Trying, by a cynical laugh, to sneer down in my own imagination the wild suggestion that the inquiries had some connection with matters of this kind, I asked if the individuals had a legal look—did they seem as though they wanted the successors to an estate?

"I thought of that at first," quickly said my wife; "but lawyers are educated men, and one of these mispronounced common words. Then, dear, who is there on your side that has property likely to go a-begging in that way?"

"If," said I, feeling that this latter remark was one not to be directly met, "uneducated persons come here making impertinent inquiries about me, show them to the door at once."

"But there is something in it," followed up Letitia. "They wanted to know how long we had been in London, and what was your occupation. They were as urgent about what your business was as about the final *e*."

"I wish I could satisfy them as clearly about the one as the other," I remember muttering to myself in reply.

"I didn't tell them anything about it, excepting that, when they asked if you had ever been connected with the manufacture of drain-pipes, I said certainly not."

"Drain-pipes!"

"Yes. I hope that was not a pretext!—Why did you start?" inquired my wife, with a very nervous air. "It is the duty of a husband to be candid with his wife."

"A pretext!" I, in turn, demanded. "Whatever can you be thinking of?" In saying which, I happened to upset the toast. "You know that I never had anything to do with the manufacture of drain-pipes, and you also know that I have no secrets from you."

"Then drain-pipes is not a slang word, meaning something else? I am sure you ought not to have any secrets no matter how grave they were; for if you had in any way been imprudent, you know I—" She paused, with a tear coursing down each cheek.

This was making the thing rather serious, and my anger was fast rising against this couple of unknown inquisitors, who had come with their preposterous inquiries, sowing the seeds of apprehension, though fortunately, not of distrust, in my wife's mind. I may explain here that I had not long before removed to London with my wife from a remote part of the country, in the not very wise hope of pushing my way in a commercial circle into which I had been offered a certain degree of introduction. I, however, found that book-keeping by double entry was an art already known in the metropolis; and that, in fact, my services were by no means so indispensable as I had fondly hoped to find them. Owing to one disappointment and another, I was almost beginning to think of turning my back upon the inappreciative capital, the calling in of a broker to No. 3 Acacia Road, Camberwell, having already presented itself to my mind, when on returning in the evening from a not very successful journey city-wards, I was met by my wife at the door with the news I have related.

"I do think you would not keep a secret from me," sobbed Letitia, later that evening. "You are sure you are not entangled in any way?"

"Entangled!" I recollect echoing.

"Drain-pipes! It sounded so very curious!"

"When these fellows come to-morrow," I indignantly answered, "I will make them explain that I am not entangled in any way; and, having done that, I shall feel tempted to kick them out of the house, for their audacity in coming here at all to unsettle your mind."

I submit that I had a justification for falling into ill-temper; for my wife had told me this pair of impertinents had announced the intention of presenting themselves again at my house at half-past ten o'clock on the following morning! Before going to bed that night, I went carefully over the premises, to see that windows and doors were safe: for I had heard of burglaries being planned in some similar fashion.

CHAPTER II.

About eleven o'clock on the following forenoon, my prediction, uttered half-an-hour before to my wife, that we should hear no more of the fellows, were flatly falsified. They arrived! I had the advantage of inspecting them beforehand as they came up the short walk through the small garden at the front, Letitia having triumphantly observed them from the window as they turned in. They were middle-aged men, well dressed, but certainly looking neither like lawyers nor church curates; and, of course, their being burglars was now out of the question. Who, then, were they? I had time to notice that one of them did carry a large red book under his arm. I confess to feeling a little agitation, but I rallied when, upon their being introduced into the room, I found they both were at least as excited as I was. The latter of the two, the one who wore spectacles, took the lead, and after making a rather clumsy apology for renewing the intrusion of the previous day, he informed me that his name was Hill, and that that of his companion was Black. Those cognomens, certainly, were commonplace enough. He then turned to Mr. Black, and received from him the red book, which, as soon as it was opened, I discovered was nothing more terrible than the newly-published edition of the *Post-office Directory*. Referring to a column under the heading "S," my attention was directed by his finger to the entry "Satterthwaite, R., Acacia Villas, Camberwell;" which, truth to tell, I was rather surprised to find given there so accurately.

"That," mildly said Mr. Hill, "I believe is your name? And you spell it with the final *e*, as there given?"

"Yes; but I wish to know why you are making these inquiries?" "I, in reply, demanded.

"If all turns out well, we have a business proposal to make to you," answered Mr. Hill, scrutinizing me over, instead of through his glasses.

"Business?" broke in my wife, unable to restrain her excitement. "Has your coming anything to do with property left to us?"

"No," they each said, and both shook their heads, as if they regretted that it had not. Then Mr. Black pursued the conversation, and, at the first sentence, I identified him as the one whom Letitia had described as uneducated. "Your good lady said you never was in the drain-pipe-making line," he eagerly remarked; "but would you mind going into it?"

"Drain-pipe making! I know nothing whatever about it; and if I did, I have no money to risk in any such speculation."

"Quite right," encouragingly remarked Letitia. "There are many schemes started in London, we know, but we are not intending to mix ourselves up in any of them."

"We should not want you to find any money," hurriedly explained Mr. Hill. "We would do that."

"You would find the money?"

"Yes," they both quite unhesitatingly replied.

"Then what is it you want me to do?" I asked.

"Only to be about the premises;" and Mr. Black grinned. "But, first, we should want you to turn you attention a bit to pipe-making. Will you do it? Will you—"

Mr. Hill no doubt perceived my bewilderment, for he turned to his companion, and addressing him, said they had better put the thing more plainly before me. His friend, in spite of his excitement, obediently yielded, and, falling back a pace, Mr. Hill again came to the front. He stated, in just so many words, that he and Mr. Black were thinking of starting in the business of manufacturing drain-pipes, and they would be glad, if their further inquiries were satisfactory, to make me their partner!

"I agree with you, Letitia," I said, a negative having impulsively escaped from her the moment the last word was out.—"My wife," I added to Mr. Hill, with what was no doubt a sage shake of the head, "had an uncle who was ruined by a partnership—"

"But we would make you safe in any way you liked to name," boisterously broke in Mr. Black, whose excitement seemed to be increasing.

"If there could be any arrangement made at a fixed salary," suggested Letitia, "that would be another thing."

"But I know nothing about the business." I again reminded them all.

"It is absolutely necessary that it should be a partnership," emphatically said Mr. Hill.

"Certainly," repeated his friend.

"Then there is an end of it. The whole matter is altogether unintelligible," I added, after a minute's pause on both sides. "You must pardon me, but either you are making some great mistake, or you cannot be in your senses. You come to me, a stranger in London—"

"That is just it," put in Mr. Black, rubbing his hands gleefully. "Your lady told us you had no relatives here."

"One who knows nothing of drain-pipe making," I went on.

"Exactly;" and Mr. Black chuckled.

"Offering yourselves to find the money."

"Every penny of it," said Mr. Hill, in his turn, growing eager.

"And asking me to become your partner—"

"But you will not do anything of the kind," severely added Letitia.

Mr. Black and Mr. Hill, looking both a little embarrassed, retired to the hearth, and there held a whispered talk, I glancing at my wife in stark amazement, and she signalling to me to remain quite firm in the matter. The secret conference did not occupy more than a couple of minutes; then Mr. Hill, as before, became the spokesman. He said their proposal would naturally seem a curious one, and they could not just then explain it more fully; but to satisfy me that they were in earnest, they would at once give me twenty pounds, if I would promise not to go into partnership with anybody else in the drain-pipe-making business. I motioned to Letitia to leave the room, and myself made a slight *detour*, so as to get within reach of the fire-irons, as being the best available weapons of defence. The men, it was clear, were madmen, escaped from some asylum.

"You are a gentleman," very complimentarily said Mr. Black; "and we'll take your promise. We was the first to come to you, and if you'll say you won't go into partnership with nobody else, we know you won't."

"Here is the money," tersely added Mr. Hill, stroking out flat upon the table four five-pound Bank of England notes. They certainly had a newish look, but the paper seemed to be of the white, shiny, crisp, genuine kind. "We will see you again in a day or two," he went on, "when we shall have matters more in shape. It is all perfectly right, and we shall be able to make you see your way in the affair. We understand it to be a promise, and there is the money"—pushing the notes towards me.

"How can I take money in any such way?" I demanded in perfect astonishment. "I never so much as dreamed of going into partnership. I tell you again I know nothing at all of drain-pipes."

"That doesn't matter; it will all be right," soothingly answered Mr. Hill, waving the money from him.

"*I* know everything about pipes," enthusiastically said Mr. Black, grinning, and coming near to me. "But you must turn your attention to it, just to answer questions. If you could hit on any alteration yourself, it would be capital: if it wasn't for the better, it wouldn't much signify, so as it wasn't for the worse much. To call it an "improved pipe"—that would be the thing," he added, chuckling immensely at some idea of his own. "You'll soon hit on an alteration I know."

"You mean that you believe I shall invent a new drain-pipe!" I echoed in despair, looking from him to my wife, whom I found gazing with an air of fascination at the notes on the table.

"No, but you might alter the old one without injuring it much," said Mr. Hill. "We will not detain you longer; and he bowed himself towards the door.

"The old pipe!" I mechanically repeated, staring after them as they both withdrew, each repeating that they would soon communicate with me again.

I and Letitia, with the money lying between us confronted one another in utter bewilderment; then we spontaneously rushed to the window, and watched our extraordinary visitors down the garden-path. We could see that they were closely conversing; and as they turned about to shut the gate, they had a look of satisfaction on their faces, like men who had just completed a gratifying transaction.

"I am not to go into partnership with anybody else in the drain-pipe-making business, and one of them believes I shall discover an improvement in those articles!" I repeated, summing up the proceedings.

"Perhaps the notes are forgeries!" suddenly suggested Letitia, her womanly suspicion rallying.

We, however, found that they were not counterfeits, for I at once went out and changed them. They were the easiest twenty sovereigns I had then ever earned; afterwards, I earned many more just as easily.

CHAPTER III.

It was my wife, not I, who invented the new, improved syphon-pipe! But I will explain how it happened. The individuals who had so strangely selected me out of the millions of the population of London as their prospective partner, followed up the matter most determinedly. It was impossible for me to escape becoming a manufacturer of drain-pipes. As for understanding the affair, that was out of the question; but it was evident it was no hoax—at any rate, I could not be the person hoaxed. Messrs. Hill and Black, in subsequent interviews, repeated that I was not to put any money into the venture; and, to remove my lingering hesitancy, they even suggested that what property I already possessed might be settled upon my wife, to prevent its being made liable by the partnership. It would have been an absolute flying in the face of Providence to have resisted the matter beyond a certain limit; but I and Letitia exercised every possible prudence. The agreement of partnership proposed was sent down in draft to a relative of my wife's, who was an attorney, and he pronounced it to be entirely safe and satisfactory, although, according to it, I was not only to be a partner in the concern, without its costing me a penny, but I was to be the head of the firm! I at last mustered courage, executed the agreement, and boldly embarked in the pipe-manufacturing business.

The early proceedings of my partners were on a piece with this eccentric beginning: it would not be wise commencing on any large scale, they said, until I had hit on some improvement in the construction of those pipes! In the first instance, small premises were taken by them in the Kentish Town district, and there I was practically initiated into my new business. A variety of the grotesquely shapen pottery, in its completed condition, was procured for my inspection; also, all forms and sizes of moulds, together with a quantity of dirty clay, for the purpose of my prosecuting my experiments. I will not detail my labors under the superintendence of Mr. Black, and the additional oversight of Mr. Hill; what is more to the purpose is, that Letitia every morning duly accompanied me to this queer laboratory. Whether she was afraid it might turn out to be a deeply-laid plot for kidnapping me, and so depriving her of her natural protector, I cannot say; but every day she insisted upon visiting Kentish Town along with me, and there she remained for just as many hours as I had the patience to be Black's pupil, alternately sitting and standing, with her hands in her muff, and an expression of wonder on her face, amidst the heaps of wet clay and piles of dusty moulds. After this had gone on for four or five days, and as Mr. Black was once more repeating his not very lucid explanations of the theory of the joints of drain-pipes, Letitia (who was always very quick in seizing anything) made a suggestion in the way of a trivial alteration, which my partners instantly snatched at, ungallantly giving me the credit of it. I know now that the modification was in reality no improvement at all, indeed, it rather tended the other way, as making fractures more likely. But Mr. Hill and Mr. Black were fully satisfied with it; they at once took the formal steps for registering the design, and announced that we were now in a position to begin business in earnest.

Nor was this simply talk. We shifted our quarters; quite an extensive place by the side of the river, some distance below London Bridge, being taken; workmen were employed; materials of all kinds came pouring in; and it seemed to me that we instantly, so to speak, launched into a brisk trade. My part in it was of the very smallest, so far as any practical service went; I was, as Mr. Black at the outset promised me, the gentlemen of the concern. All that fell to me was to sign letters and saunter about the place, occasionally answering to my name in case of persons calling upon business. This, however, appeared to be quite sufficient duty to satisfy my easy partners, both of whom, the one in the commercial department, and the other in the practical management of the works, labored harder than the common workmen. Still they were modestly content to remain as the "Co." while, on the other hand, as much as possible seemed to be made of me, my name flaming upon invoice-headings and trade-circulars, being, in fact, put forward on every occasion. It was clear, too, by the simplest calculations, that we were making large profits; gold was in the perspective as well as money in the present. I and Letitia felt as if an El Dorado had suddenly discovered itself at our feet. Now and then, curious flashes of suggestion came across me; some of the letters we received appeared to intimate that we had been in business much longer than I knew we had; and a few other things set me puzzling not unfrequently. I had had enough, however, of that kind of dissatisfaction, and I checked it as much as possible; but suddenly the explanation came! Matters had gone on in this inconceivably prosperous fashion for some six weeks, when one afternoon an elderly gentleman, his face crimson, eyes flashing with fury, grey moustache bristling in every hair, came stumbling into the small counting-house where I was. Thrusting aside the workman who had guided him thither, he pressed forward to the desk; there he steadied himself, placed his eye-glasses on his nose, and visibly turned of a wrathful pallor, in lieu of the angry crimson, as he surveyed me.

"Oh, you are he!" was his first exclamation, accompanied rather than followed by a sneering laugh. "Who are you—what do you say your name is?" he boldly demanded.

"Satterthwaite," I answered, in wondering apprehension.

"It is a falsehood, sir, and you know that it is!" thundered this choleric gentleman. "There is but one family of us, and every one of them can be traced. It is a villainous conspiracy, but it shall not succeed. I'll track you, sir; the mask shall be torn from you. I'll find out who you really are!"

"I am Ralph Satterthwaite," I repeated. "No inquiry is needed; that is who I am."

"Ralph!" O yes, sir, we understand it!" and he seemed nearly choking with his passion. "It is like your spoiling the syphon-pipe by an alteration, and then registering it as an improvement—"Satterthwaite's *Improved* Pipes!" Not content with Satterthwaite's, but Satterthwaite's improved! Ha, ha!" he added in a horrible laugh.

"I do not understand this at all," I was beginning, but I could get no further.

"You very soon shall understand it!" he roared, shaking his eye-glasses at me. "I wished just to see you before commencing proceedings, and though I knew you were an impostor, I did not expect to find you so impudent. You are worse than that rascal Black, and I only wish I could hang him: hanging is too good, sir, for you!"

"Whether or not Mr. Black is a rascal, sir, *I* am not; and I will not be abused in this way," I shouted above his voice. "Do you mean to say I have not a right to my own name?"

"Oh, I shall explode!" he said, now shaking both fists, his countenance nearly black with rage.

"My name is Satterthwaite, and I come from ——," mentioning my native place.

"You persist in it to my face!" he gasped, with an air of genuine astonishment. "I had thought of a mere injunction from Chancery, in the first instance; but now, sir, it shall be an indictment against you all for conspiracy! The most severe punishment the law can give, that you shall have! Ah, you thieves, I only wish I could include you," he shrieked in a fresh access of fury, as, in turning about, he caught sight of the staring workmen, who had been attracted by the noise, and were assembling in the yard outside the office, commanding a view of us through the glass-door. "You knew it was robbery, and every one of you ought to be transported—I know you—I know you!" he repeated, nodding as he spoke to some among them; and I observed that most of the men seemed to recognize the speaker, two or three of them giggling as they slunk away.

"I, in turn, wish to know who you are, sir?" I asked, following him towards the door.

"Who I am?" he echoed, again confronting me. "Do you not know me? *I* am Ralph Satterthwaite!" he thundered.

"And do you make drain pipes?" I next inquired—for a clear light suddenly began to break in upon me.

"What do you mean? Are you going to pretend to be mad?" and he glared at me.

"Stay, while I fetch my partners," I said. As chance would have it, both Black and Hill were out of the way.

"Your partners!" he sneered. "I shall do nothing of the kind," he went on, striding away. "This hole of a place shall very soon be tumbled about your ears, and all of you in jail, please God! At any rate, you! Satterthwaite, eh? you'll have to prove that in court, my fine fellow. Ha, ha!" He pretended to laugh, disappearing through the front-shop.

A few questions put to the workmen (who, in answering, laughed sarcastically, as if they understood my ignorance to be pretended) fully satisfied me how matters stood, even before going in search of Messrs. Hill and Black. No doubt, the reader also now understands it clearly enough. For a generation past, there had been a firm of drain-pipe manufacturers in London of the name of "R. Satterthwaite & Co.," and in all over the country; and the general public had doubtless been led to consider our works a new establishment of the old house; the announcement that Satterthwaite's "Improved" pipes were there manufactured, possibly giving them the further impression that it was the new head-quarters of the firm! Messrs. Hill and Black appeared to have been expecting this explosion, for the former only smiled, and the latter grinned, when I communicated it to them.

"Neither Chancery nor any other court can say you are not at liberty to trade in your own name, because it happens to be that of another person as well; we had a legal opinion upon that point before we began," mildly said Mr. Hill.

"Of course not. Either that, or he must buy us out," chuckingly added Mr. Black; "and so far as I go, he'll have to pay at fifty for it."

I and my "partners" had a quarrel. I need not go into the particulars of it. There was not much credit due to me for resenting my entanglement in what was only one remove from a fraud. Any praise I was entitled to, I did not get from them; they said I must have known they did not force a gratuitous partnership on me for nothing. I soon saw that I was in a fix. The legal deed of agreement between us existed in spite of me; and Messrs. Hill and Black had taken good care to have it drawn in a way which made my withdrawal entail a pecuniary penalty which was altogether out of my means.

Letitia, when I took home the news, in the first instance informed me that she had foreseen something of the sort from the very commencement; but, in the second place, the good creature set about helping me to devise how best to deal with the case.

CHAPTER IV.

"If this be true," said my armed prototype, leaning on the desk in his grand office, fiddling with his fingers at the copies of registers of births and deaths and other documents relating to my family lying before him; "if he is a Satterthwaite, what is to be done?—How many more of you are there, sir?" he demanded, turning from his lawyer to me.

I informed him that I was the only male surviving in our branch of the family.

"But there might have been a dozen of them!" querulously said the other and greater bearer of the Satterthwaite designation, his glance going back to the attorney.

"It is very lucky there is but one," answered that gentleman. "If, as you say, there had been

a dozen, there is but one perfectly safe way of dealing with the matter."

"Why"—and the speaker gave himself an angry shake—"We shall have to take you into the firm, sir! You will have to become a partner in our business!"

Once more, I was being forcibly laid hold of as a partner, and again being thrust, willy-nilly, into the profitable drain-pipe manufacture! But I had not reached this satisfactory stage without some trouble. After the explosion of the mystery, as related in the last chapter, it was easy enough to learn full particulars about my high and mighty namesake, so newly and strangely discovered. I was told that he was reputed to be nearly a millionaire, and his name was beginning to be whispered in connection with high civic dignities; but, unfortunately, I found that he was as obstinate as he was wealthy and reputable. I presented myself at his extensive works in —— street, Borough, and was shown to the door before I had uttered six words. It was in vain that I sent him through the post a detailed account of my part in the transaction. Possibly, he did not read it; at anyrate, I received no answer, but instead, I was duly served with a citation to appear before the judges of her majesty's Court of Chancery to show cause why I should not be restrained from using the style and title of "R. Satterthwaite & Co."—that is to say, I was to be put on my trial for outlong myself by my own name! Messrs. Black and Hill, meanwhile, carried on the business as before, and seemed to lose very little of their equanimity. I could not keep away from the place, which exercised a kind of fascination over me, and in my angry conversations with them, I learned that, before definitely proposing their terms to me, they had obtained vouchers of my baptism, &c., formally proving that I was myself, and nobody else. Armed with this evidence, they allowed the proceedings of justice to take their course, coolly informing me that I should see things in the right light, they knew in the end. I at length called to my aid my wife's relative, who was learned in the law, and finally, he, I, and Letitia visited my prototype's lawyer. Luckily for everybody, I found him more accessible than his client. My wife's relative had brought with him certificates of different registers, which so far satisfied his legal brother that, at the last moment, the Chancery proceedings were stayed; and ultimately, I had the honor of an interview with the great man in his counting-house, returning his call upon me in mine!

"Hill and Black are, of course, thinking of being bought out," quietly remarked the lawyer, following up the conversation already given.

"Not a penny for Black!" shouted Mr. Satterthwaite, undergoing another explosion of rage. His passion seemed much more bitter against Black than against Hill, the reason of which I subsequently learned to be, that the former had been his foreman, having only left the works, in consequence of some dispute, a fortnight or so prior to his presenting himself at my house. Mr. Hill, it turned out, was a mere money-lender, with whom Black had formed an acquaintance.

"Leave both of them to me," soothingly said the lawyer. "It was a very clever dodge; but I will see they do not make so profitable an affair of it as they are thinking."

"It isn't a very profitable affair to me," muttered the sharer of my name, contemplating me with anything but a pleased expression of face. "I see now you have got the Satterthwaite nose," he added, mentioning it half indignantly, as though I ought not so to have presumed in the shape of that feature. "It is clear the brother of my father's father always remained the wild scamp he was at starting. Instead of going abroad, as the family understood, he slunk into your part of the country. That must be it; and I now have to pay for it!"

The documentary evidence Letitia's relative had been fortunate enough to light upon made this pretty clear. I did really belong to the same stock as the great pipemaker. A brother of his grandfather, who was understood to have gone out of the country, had either not shipped himself at all, or else, for some unexplained reason, he had returned unknown to his relatives, and settled in a far-off nook of the country, where he married. I now being the sole male representative of this branch of the family.

"Come along, sir; I must introduce you to my son," resumed the head of the Satterthwaites, trying to mollify his tones. "I am not blaming you; you do not appear to have known what you were doing; although it does seem incredible that you could have lived anywhere in this country without hearing of Satterthwaite's pipes."

I, as respectfully as possible, again asseverated my inexplicable ignorance upon this point.

"Well," he continued, leading the way to his son's separate office, "it seems you are one of us, and we must make you junior member of the firm. I made my money out of my brains; you have found your fortune in your name, sir."

"You ought to make the clever fellows who publish the *Post office Directory* a handsome present for ferreting out your name so accurately," whispered the lawyer, poking me in the ribs good-humoredly. "Black and Hill would see it in the new edition, and that suggested this 'cute trick to them."

I was duly introduced to Mr. Satterthwaite's son, and if he received me a little coolly, there was nothing very unnatural in that; any more than there was in the female members of the family subsequently bearing themselves somewhat patronizingly towards my good Letitia, who had in the meantime recollected; though I had quite forgotten it, that she always predicted matters would turn out satisfactorily. Messrs. Black and Hill did not, after all, make a great profit out of their partnership with me. They had reckoned upon a little more unscrupulousness on my part, fancying equal cupidity would have led me to fall in entirely with their views, and so had not fixed the penalty for my breaking up the firm high enough. The lawyer explained that a suit at equity would have fully relieved me from the partnership without any forfeit; but after calm reflection, Mr. Satterthwaite thought it was better, now matters had gone as they had done, not to make the affair any more public than could be helped. The lawyer, however, found out that, by a strict construction of the wording of the deed, I was entitled to a return of one-third of the money I had to pay down, it having to be shared among all the partners. He also took good care to mulct Messrs. Hill and Black pretty well on the remainder, by some very ingeniously contrived costs and expenses.

Both I and my wife, I may add, are on a better footing with our great namesakes now; for, as luck would have it, I one day did in reality what that rascal Black first shammed that I had done—the improved Satterthwaite's pipe now in use, I am proud to say, was my invention. I, however, willingly admit that I found my fortune in my name.

Keeping Flowers through the Winter.

Many kinds of bedding plants of succulent or sub-fleshy growth, can be taken up from the flower beds, on the approach of frost, and cut in, say one half, and packed thickly in boxes of soil, and kept in a rather dry and cool cellar through winter. Such fine plants make a much better show in the bed the next year than plants of the present season's striking. A cellar is one of the most useful appendages to a garden. Were we to have only *one* choice, we should prefer a cellar to a green-house for its general usefulness.

As soon as Dutch bulbs can be obtained, they should be at once planted. Of all fertilizers, well-rotted cow-manure has been found best for them, and especially if mixed with a portion of fine sand. They should be set about four inches beneath the surface of the ground, and a little sand put about the root when being planted. A very wet soil usually rots the roots, and a dry one detracts from the size of the blooms. A soil in which the generality of garden vegetables do well, is one of the best for these plants.

Those who have no green-house, and yet are desirous of preserving many half-hardy plants through the winter, employ *cold pits*. Choose the dryest situation in the garden, and sink about five feet in depth. It is important that no water can be retained at the bottom. The pit may be of any length required, and about five feet wide, so as to accommodate six feet sash. The inside of the pit may be built up of boards, or, if something more durable and substantial is required, brick or stone. The body of the frame may be built up a few feet above the level of the surrounding soil, and the earth which comes from the pit be employed in banking up to the upper level of the frame. Shelving should be made for the inside so as to extend from the base of the front to nearly the top of the back, on which to place the plants in pots. In the space which will then be under the staging, hard wooded and deciduous plants, as lemon verbena, fuchsias, etc., may be safely stored, while the more succulent kinds are shelved over head. The plants to be preserved in such a pit should be potted early, and be well established and healthy before being pitted; much of success depends on this. The less water they can be made to live on without withering through the winter the better they will keep. Straw mats must be employed to cover the glass when freezing times commences, and when the thermometer is likely to fall below 20 degrees, straw or litter should be thrown over. Board shutters are also excellent, as it keeps the snow out from the straw and litter, which sometimes makes the mats very awkward to uncover when we would like to give air. Very little light or air will be required through the winter, when the plants are not growing. If a good fall of snow cover the pit, it may lie on undisturbed for two weeks or more without injury. When a warm dry day offers, the sashes may be raised if convenient, to dry up the damp. Many kinds of border plants can be kept over winter this way with very little trouble.

It is a very good time to look around for soil for potting purposes. The surface soil of an old pasture forms the best basis, which can be afterwards lightened with sand, or manured with any special ingredients to suit special cases, as required. The turfy or peaty surfaces of old wood or bogs also come very "handy." A stock of moss should also be on hand for those who crock pots, in order to cover the potsherd; moss also comes in useful for many purposes connected with gardening, and should be always on hand.

Plants intended to be taken from the open ground and preserved through the winter, should be lifted early, that they may root a little in the pots. A moist day is of course best for the purpose, and a moist shady place the best to keep them in for a few days afterwards. Anything that is somewhat tender had better be housed before the cold nights come. Some things are checked without actual frost. Ornamental annuals for winter-flowering should be at once sown, not forgetting mignonette, to be without which will be an unpardonable sin. Chinese primroses, cinerarias, calceolarias, pansies, polyanthus, &c, should be sown. Winter-blooming carnations and violets should not be forgotten. They are now essentials in all good green-house collections. The Calla Ethiopica, old as it is, is an universal favorite, and should now be repotted, when it will flower through the winter finely.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

☞ What is said from the feeling of the moment should excite but the feeling of the moment.

☞ Pure Water for Animals.—An Illinois farmer, in a note to the New York Farmers' Club, says he has never known a case of the dreaded milk sickness, where the animals had plenty of pure water. He also says that since he hauled sand and gravel on his walks and paths, the chicken cholera has entirely disappeared from his place.

☞ The seven wonders of the world were—the Colossus of Rhodes, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Tomb of Mausolus, the Pyramids, the Light-house on the Pharos, the hanging gardens (constructed at Babylon by Queen Semiramis about B. C. 1250,) and the colossal statue of Jupiter Olympus, made of ivory and gold, by Phidias (B C 490—B C 432)

☞ A fellow was told at a tailor's shop that three yards of cloth, by being wet, would shrink one-quarter of a yard. "Well, then," he inquired, "if you should wet a quarter of a yard, would there be any left?"

☞ A farmer in Minnesota killed himself with a musket, shooting half of his head off, because his crops had been ruined by heavy rains. It was the third year that the poor man's hopes had been blighted, and he gave up the life struggle in despair.

☞ The London Spectator calls Napoleon III. "a pale enigma with treacle eyes green."

☞ An all out-at-elbows poet, by some freak of fortune, came into possession of a five dollar bill. He called to a lad, and said: "Johnny, take *William* and get it changed." "What do you mean by calling it *William?*" inquired the wondering lad. "Why, John," replied the poet, "I am not sufficiently familiar with it to take the liberty of calling it *Bill.*"

☞ The two Boston detectives, hired for duty at the Springfield horse fair, met all the pickpockets as they arrived at the depot, and warned each of them that unless they left the city at once he would be locked up. They all took the hint.

WESTERN MARRIAGES.

[We think our Western friends will be either rather amused or rather indignant with the following article from *Chambers's London Journal*. Probably they will not recognize their Western ideas in this English portraiture.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

"As to marriage," said Beasley, tearing the lead off a fresh plug with his teeth—"as to marriage, I've practised it as largely as most men that don't keep a bank account, an' I tell *you* it ain't no 'count in our way of life. You see, there's mostly two sorts of weemen—firstwise, them as has certificates gained by extr'ornary an' eternal cleverness at college; an' that's the sort of woman as worries a man's life out. Secondwise, them as has no certificates, neither diplomas, not because they think 'em gas-bags, but because they ha'n't even that small wit needed to earn 'em; that's the sort as worries a man's soul out. There air another speeces, ay, by thunder! nigh another sex, the sex of which our mothers were; but I've only met with one speciwoman of that sort."

"But surely," I said, "among the families of the squatters there must be good hearty girls who'd make a fellow happy on his own clearing?"

"That's so," said Fraser—"that's so! But Jem's right for all that. If young men went westwards for their wives, they'd find such as they could live with, an' be happy; but they go East or to Eastering folk; they fall wild of a seminary diploma an' a high-bosimmed gown; they marry the gal, an' after a while make tracks to do the whole thing over agin. Guess there's no country in the world where bigamy is so frequent as in the Westering States, an' I'll swear it's not from any nat'ral immorality on the part o' the young men. You see, the great plat is this: men air so independent in the West. Mark here! When a young fellow's married in Europe or in the Eastering States, he marrys for good an' all: things must go mighty bad with him before he will slope off from his home an' business, though his wife should be a right-down plague-bug. But it's not so with us. A young man thinks no more of clearing out an' seeking fortune a thousand miles away, than he do of jumping a ditch. What I say is—you can't lay down salted an' smoke dried rules for the social politics of the great West. Space, an' health an' human natur is dead agin the principle."

"I have always had some such theory myself," I said.

"As to bigamy, in course I have no vote for that, nor has any other man; but as we don't defend it, an' as Jem himself don't defend it, let's hear some of his exper'ences; for Jem's gizzard melts like butter in a prairie-fire when he's hitched a belt of dust round his waist, an' he sees a sheep-faced gal."

"Wal, boys, I'll tell yer my first ventur' in marriage: an almighty tall ventur' that were. 'Twas in St. Louis. Her father, my ventur's father, kept a dry-goods store in that city, where he kept himself balanced all day betwixt a cocktail an' a fraudulent bankruptcy. The daughter was tall an' fattish, with the most delicatest expression ever you see; her dress come up tight under her ears, an' she'd a screamed out painful if her own mother had sot eyes on her feet. When I was interjuiced, she says to me:

"'Air you indeed a pioneer?'

"'My father were a pioneer, miss,' said I.

"'An' air you indeed his son—the son of a pioneer which have carried our starry flag into the wilderness, an'—an' fixed it up there?'

"'Guess I am, miss,' I says: 'father thinks so, an' mother don't say contrair.'

"She throwed her eyes to heving, as if to fix up a new constellation, an' kind o' raptured. I didn't make no remark, because I thought she belonged to some 'private connection,' an' were holding prayer. So she brings her eyes down agin, an' says she:

"'Oh!'

"'Yes,' I observes, 'that's all so!'

"I kind o' sort to her after that, for I thought she were the gollfiredest fool in the neighborhood, or else I were. I'm bent now to think it were rayther the latter way about, for she pioneered me into church, an' her father pioneered five hundred dollars out of my belt. About a week after marriage, we went down to a neat little farm as my father had given me to set up in. So says she when she seen the loghouse:

"'Air this the pioneer's hut?'

"'No,' I said; 'this is a kind o' farmhouse, where I hope we'll live many a year together with our sons an' daughters.' An' so I did hope—strap-dilo me if I didn't.

"'Oh, don't talk so wicked,' says she, blushin' like a startled cochineal.

"When she got inside, an' see there was but two rooms, an' no door betwixt 'em, an' a man about the clearing, she scrimmied out like a trapped rabbit:

"'Oh! I never! I never can—do—do—you must make a door instant, sudden. Curtain? Oh dear! oh no! Do pioneers allus live so?'

"'Guess they do, all as I've known,' said I, kind o' gruffly; for my dear old mother had lived all her life in just such a shanty, an' my sisters had grown up so, an' been lotted off with five thousand dollars apiece to just like homes, an' I didn't take to such faldoodle. 'Don't you think, my gal,' I says to her, 'as your husband 'll call on you to do what's wrong. As my mother lived you can live, an' I hope you may prove as modest an' as great-hearted as she was.'

"'Naow, it's no use being mad, mister! I've the temper of a lamb, but my way I kind o' must have in the house. We've on'y been married a week, but I ain't happy now, an' I can't ever be with a man as don't consider the delicateness of my feelins.' An' then she began to cry.

"I think now that maybe I was hard on her, brought up as she had been; but the real fact is, it were a durnation bit of folly from end to end. What business, as Fraser says, has a Westering man with a Yankee wife? It's the general contrariness of natur', I suppose. The Yankee-bred gal falls sick for the squatter's broad shoulders an' big limbs, an' the squatter falls wild of the trimness an' little delicacies of the gal. Then they merry; an' after a while miss finds her husband's shoulders too broad an' too big for her mitikin little arms, an' the squatter perceives there is not room enough in her mind for him to turn about in; an' so, some fine day, he takes his rifle an' two or three dollars maybe, an' moves out.

"That was the end of my first ventur'. The gal began to cry, sitting on the door jamb. Now, I hate, an' most of us hate, a woman's crying. I've heerd some folk say they cannot resist tears, an' I daresay that's true enough, if they're reasonable, an' the woman knows what she wants; but as a rule, one don't like them who can't keep the plugs in. Kind o' just, too, it is! A gal who cries when she's not hurt, ain't likely to make prize 'sass,' an' a gal who don't cry *till* she's hurt, don't usually care to cry then. However, I didn't want to quarrel with my wife inside a week of marriage—specially a first ventur'—no I fixed up some planks for a door. But I knowed I'd done wrong, for the old man he said to me when I told him I was in a string: 'Jem, my son, don't yer do it! But if yer must!' says he tremendjously, 'pull down her back-hair at the altar, an' curse free; hit her father in the eye, an' stamp on her grandmother's corns. With a Yankee gal, the great thing is to *start fair.*' I hadn't done it, for I hadn't spunk, an' she did look so etarnal mild an' melting, like all natur' in a thaw. But I knew I wasn't starting fair with that gal.

"We lived together on the farm for nigh two years, an' I lost forty-four pound-weight during that time. She was right down good about the house, I say that; neat as an egg, an' allers did the washing comfortable; but I felt cramped an' stifled with her; she were no companion for a Westering man. I tried everything I could think of, from a course of Scriptur' to a hickory switch, but she couldn't be welded to our notions. She was small, that's the fact; so at last I took out a hundred dollars, an' I said to her:

"'I'm going off, an' it's likely we shall meet no more! I give you this old farm, which my brothers an' I cleared—a good farm it is, an' I'm loath to leave it; I give yer eight hundred dollars in money, an' every fixing about the place. I b'lieve you've done your best to be a good wife; but I don't think, when you come to age, as you'll lay much blame on me for my shortcomings; I've done my best too. But we don't weld together, an' we never shall: it's best to part, an' part friendly.'

"She didn't believe me, but larfed provoking—her little, croaking, Yankee larf—an' said: 'You won't go till you've fixed me up that new chicken-pen.'

"'Were done this morning,' I said; 'an' the fences are all in order, an' the timber drawn from the new clearing.'

"So I took my rifle an' bowie, an' started for the Prieto.

"'And you've never seen your wife since?' I asked.

"'Nary once. I had a letter some time after, which were a moral piece of writing. She wanted me to come back, 'because the neighbors looked on her so. It was etarnal lonely of an evening, the help didn't do his work, an' 'twould all be so much nicer if I'd come home.' I wrote to her: 'It 'twant worth while to vacate my "prospect" to cowhide her help.'

"That's the story of many a Westering man," said Fraser, kicking up the fire; "but taking the lump of them, I expect they're the finest cretures on this side etarnity. You've been an' lived among 'em, sir, an' you know. Where can such men be found—such big chests, such wild-cat spunk, an' such good hearts? I take it, they're the noblest mission of humanity to fulfil—the mission of progress and of freedom! True liberty is better understood an' more heartfelt by those shaggy, rough-grained woodsmen, than by yer shirt-bosomed store keepers an' yer ranty legislatures. Thank God for Westering men, for what would America an' the future be without 'em? Honesty still lives in the prairs, an' virtue, an' honor, an' contentment. Rough-grained we are; a swearing, drinking, loud-voiced lot of rowdies we are called; but to us has been given the revelation of liberty. For though all else perish, though our progress slacken into death, an' our civilization fall away, yet, if freedom be retained, we have lost nothing. The freedom of the West, the liberty of body an' of mind, would recreate the universe by force of manhood, an' make a noble empire out of chaos! They don't understand us, sir, down East; an' thunder! that's no hardship. The polished citizen of New York, seeing a bowie in every old wife's carving-knife, goes about among us with his greasy hands outspread, an' his lying mouth agape, frightened to larf, fearful to drink, an' downright death-smitten if asked to take a hand at euchre. I wonder he don't have prayers put up in the meetin'-house, an' burn a blue light on his doorway, when he gets back safe from among those 'arful savages.'"

"I'll tell yer another advantage they enjoy out West," said Yanston: "they've high-prime gas laid on to every house, an' portable burners for travelling. If it's all as yer say, how comes it the best part of yer have two or three wives belongin' to yer, not to mention Indian squaws an' cotton merriages?"

"Wal, I admit it's bad, but not so bad as may seem at first sight. I guess it's very rare for any Westering man, except a right-down bad egg, such as are among all peoples, to merry a gal without letting her know as he's gone through a ceremony curiously sim'lar several times before. It's a bad business at the best, I s'pose; but, to my mind, it makes a durned sight o' difference whether a man deceives the gal by lying oaths, or whether he tells her straight out that he's a married man already, but don't downright object to going through the operation agin. She may take it or leave it, I guess!"

"I should like to hear more of your experiences, Beasley," I said.

"You're welcome to all my pile betwixt this an' bedtime. As to Fraser's gas, its etarnal pretty heaving, an' reminds me muchly of 'Whiskey Fence' talk at Christmas-time; but it aren't in my way to say whether it's all true or not.

"Wal, boys, I picked up a genteel plunder on the Prieto; an' after six months, I come down the mountains to look round an' spend it. 'Most the foremost female gender I see in San Francisco was a little milliner gal, an' her first glance rolled me over like a buffalo-calf, so golfired pretty she were! I made up to her right away; an' arter a week or two, showed my dust, an' asked her to have me.

"'Air you married?' asks she.

"'Not much,' I says.

"So she larfs. 'How much?'

"'Oa'y once.'

"'Once is about enough for a'body, I guess,' she says larfing.

"'She were only a woman, quite in the ord'nary walk of natur,' I said; 'but I've great hopes in housekeeping from a full-grown angel.'

"She wouldn't hear of it nohow; but she let me take care of her when she walked out, an' all that, for I tell you no feminine gender, short of a howling monkey or a bishop's lady, were safe in San Francisco at that time. She was Mexicora born, too, an' I'd heerd of her people; but they moved eastwards when the old man died, an' her mother was biding in New York. But I didn't seem to make much way for more'n two months. I was so desperate taken, that if any man had cornered her or talked low to her in my seeing, I'd have put lightning through him, though he'd been my own mate. But one day, when we was sitting by the window in her own little room, she said to me: 'Jem! what would you think of me if I married you?' Her innocent eyes were fixed upon my face, an' for a minute I felt choked like. 'My darling!' I said, 'nothing that you or I could do would make my love greater; but I'd like to have the right for to protect you. Settle it, dear, in your own heart where there's feelings I can't jine in. You should be my wife as truly an' as faithfully as if there was no other woman in the world; but God forbid I should make you wretched or lead you agin your conscience! Darling,' I said, 'no man as loves a gal, an' has true grit, could give advice to her in such a cause. Fix it how you may, I shall never think of you but as the gal I would have loved best for my wife out of the whole world.' An' I left her to herself.

"Wal, we was married; an' the year I passed with her was the happiest time I ever had. No one knew my first wife was living, an' Lucy was as cheery as if she had forgotten all about it. Luck went with me in every 'prospect' I made, an' I'd collected a big plunder, intending to buy a farm up Nevada-way, when, one night, just twelve months after we was married, the banker vamoosed with my dust. Then I fell ill with the calentura, an' Lucy spent all her savings on me. When I picked up so far as to get out again, my luck was gone. I fell back an' back with fever, my 'prospects' was all blank, an' I felt half-minded to hire myself out as help, to keep Lucy an' our child. At last, when every cent was gone, an' all things desperate with us, she received a letter from her friends offering her the chance of living with them in New York.

"I made her go! I saw her aboard the steamer, an' there we parted for ever. She died within six months, an' the child also. I s'pose I was raving mad for some weeks after she left me. You see, sir, folks show grief differently. Maybe it wouldn't occur to you to get drunk, if yer heart felt empty, nor to go picking quarrels an' rowdying, because you were full of grief an' love; but that's what I did, an' twere wise for me too. The end of it came pretty soon, of course. I fell among the Samaritans one night, an' they split my head with a bowie, an' put a bullet through my shoulder. After that, I got better, an' could attend to business within a month."

Vegetable Garden.

Cabbage and Cauliflower are sown this month for spring use. The former require some care, as if it grows too vigorous before winter, it will all run to seed in the spring. The best plan is to make two sowings—one early in the month, and the other at the end. The rule is to get them only just so strong that they may lie over the winter in safety. Many preserve them in frames; but they should have wooden sashes or shutters instead of glass, so as not to encourage them to grow too much.

Cauliflower, on the other hand, cannot well be too forward. Most persons provide a pit of stone, bricks or wood, sunk five or six feet below the surface of the ground, into which leaves, manure or any waste vegetable matter is filled. When quite full, it is suffered to beat a little, when it will sink somewhat and have more material added to it; about six inches of good rich loam is then placed on it, and early in November the cauliflower planted out. The object in refilling the leaves so often is to insure the plant's remaining as near the glass as possible, which is very essential in the growth of cauliflower. Lettuce is treated in the same way, and seed should be sown now to prepare for the planting. The cabbage lettuce is the kind usually employed.

The main crop of spinage should now be sown. Properly cooked, there are few vegetables more agreeable to the general taste, and few families who have gardens will wish to be without it. It is essential that it have a very well enriched soil, as good large leaves constitute its perfection as a vegetable. As soon as the weather becomes severe, a light covering of straw should be thrown over it. A few radishes may be sown with the spinage for fall use. Turnips also may still be sown. In fact, if the soil be rich, a better quality of root for table use will be obtained than if sown earlier.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

☞ The moths have succeeded in shutting up one of the most fashionable churches in Boston for the season. It seems that these troublesome little creatures have been multiplying in the new and elegant meeting house on Boylston street (Dr. Gannett's) until it has become necessary to close the house and strip it of all its upholstery, in order to save it from utter ruin, to say nothing of the clothing of the attendants. May not this fact be taken as a living illustration of the Scriptural injunction, that it is better to lay up treasures in Heaven, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt," than to put them in palatial and fashionable churches, which rather tend to exclude the meek and lowly?

☞ As a citizen of Minneapolis, Minn., was approaching his house, a day or two since, he heard issuing from within screams of terror. So piercing were they that his heart sank within him, and he pictured to himself the heads of his loved ones dabbled in blood, and the fiend "Insanity" wielding cudgels, knives, etc., among those whom he would sacrifice his own life to protect. He sprang forward to the rescue, rushed frantically into the parlor—the scene before his eyes beggars description. The sister of his youth, with one of his children frantically clasped in her arms, was standing upon the sofa, apparently upon the verge of hysterics, and the wife of his bosom, with the other child in her arms, was crouched upon the piano, and in the opposite corner of the room, oh, horror! panting with fright, was a mouse entirely unconscious of the terror he was the cause of, and trembling for his own safety.

☞ Mr. A. Robinson, called the "Chicken Millionaire," has made two million dollars selling chickens in Fulton Market, New York, and has a brown stone residence worth $150,000 in Brooklyn.

☞ The Rochester Democrat humanely says:—"Considered as a charitable institution for the benefit of half-paid clergymen and starving Bohemians, the lecture system is a grand success, and perhaps demands our warmest commendation."

☞ A gentleman, accompanied by his sister and another young lady, sailed in a skiff all the way from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Galena. The distance is 400 miles, and it was accomplished in nine days.

☞ Brigham Young's agent in England urges his congregation to "leave that land of ignorance and superstition."

The Cafe de la Regence.

Toward the end of the *Ancien Regime*, a serious looking gentleman was observed in attendance for twelve years from 7 till 11 in the evening. His occupation consisted in watching the games. He scarcely spoke at all, but was considered a profound authority on everything connected with chess. So, one night when there were but few in the room he was appealed to in a dispute.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you have selected an incompetent judge; I do not even know the moves."

"Well, why have you been watching the games so earnestly for more than ten years?"

"The answer is easily given. I am terribly tired of my wife; she annoys me continually. It is a complete relaxation here to look on without seeing anything, and to hear things without understanding them."

During "the Terror" few came to play at the Cafe de la Regence. People had not the heart, and it was not pleasant to see through the panes, the cars bearing the condemned through the Rue St. Honore to execution. Robespierre often took a seat, but few had any wish to play with him, such terror did the insignificant looking little man strike into every one's heart. One day a very handsome young man sat opposite him, and made a move as signal for a game; Robespierre responded, and the stranger won. A second game was played and won, and then Robespierre asked what was the stake.

"The head of a young man," was the answer, "who would be executed to-morrow. Here is the order for his release wanting only your signature; and be quick—the executioner will give no delay.

It was the young Count B. that was thus saved. The paper was signed, and then the great man asked:

"But who are you, citizen?"

"Say citizeness, Monsieur—I am the Count's betrothed. Thanks and adieu!"

Napoleon I. in the days of his sous-lieutenancy, played chess in the same saloon, and very badly too. He always began unskillfully, and had no patience with any delay on the part of his adversary. He would bite his lips, stamp his foot, drum impatiently on the chess-board, and make the pieces dance. It was still worse if he lost. He would dash his hand down on the table, and make everything jump. The waiter who recited this anecdote to our authority and his friends, said he was surprised when he heard that the sous-lieutenant when he became an emperor, and had very skillful opponents among his courtiers, never lost a single game though he had not improved in the slightest degree.

The most remarkable of the chess-players of the Cafe were La Bourdonnais, Philidor, Deschappelles, St. Amand, Boncourt, Bolsey d'Anglas, Barneville. This last player would have been unable to endure the tedium of life without the chess-board. He probably asked some one, as Maupertuis is known to have done, "What could he find to do outside a coffee-house?"

Daily "Constitutionals."

One of the most striking differences between English and American university men is the great importance attached to physical vigor by the former, a thing almost ignored by the latter. The English hard student places as high an estimate upon his bodily condition, while reading for a degree, as does the candidate for "fistic" honors, while training for the coming "mill." He believes, or acts as though he believes, that a certain amount of physical stamina is indispensable in order that the brain may accomplish a given amount of hard work, and would be as hopeless of carrying off the highest prize while laboring under a diseased constitution as he would be of making a broken-winded horse win the Derby.

This high degree of health and vigor can only be acquired and kept by strict temperance in eating and drinking, and the daily drill of severe exercise. Nothing at all resembling Lord Dundreary's "little twot," so highly recommended by his physician, will answer the purpose. The daily "constitutional" of an Oxford or Cambridge student is a rapid walk of at least two hours, accompanied with much shouting and loud laughing, swinging of the arms and other chest opening exercises. This must be taken every day without regard to weather, and is no more to be omitted with impunity than dinner or sleep. We venture to say that nine-tenths of the students in American colleges and universities would look upon this as a shocking waste of time; but compare the vigorous health of English scholars and literary men of fifty and even sixty years with that of the same class of Americans—decrepid, broken down, and long past their prime at forty-five, and judge whether a little waste of time may not, in the end, be a decided gain to the constitution.

Americans generally seem to have no idea of physical exercise, aside from what may come in as incidental to the regular routine of business. The daily walk or ride to and from his office accomplished leisurely or at break-neck pace, according to circumstances, is not looked upon by the sedentary American as exercise to be enjoyed as such, but merely as a part of his business, and therefore eminently respectable; but to rush off like a school-boy, and ramble aimlessly through lanes, fields and woods, with no object but physical relaxation and recreation, pure and simple, such a course he thinks would go far to compromise his dignity and standing on "Change." Is it any wonder with from twelve to fifteen hours purely of brain work, and no exercise worthy the name, that our literary and business men break down and become hopeless invalids long before they are ready to retire?

☞ CROQUET.—The out-door game of croquet has come into use in all parts of the country. There is scarcely a country resort, where people are gathered together for summer enjoyment, but has its croquet-ground. The game is deservedly popular, for it combines the advantages of all our most common recreations. Cards, checkers and chess give no exercise; billiard-playing is under cover, and too often in close proximity to a drinking bar; bowling is rather violent exercise during the warm days, especially for ladies, and base-ball and cricket are the hardest kind of work. Croquet is quite as interesting as card-playing; it requires the skill of billiards, it is generally played in the open air and in the shade, and it affords a very pleasant and beneficial alternation of exercise and rest.

☞ Last year less than one quarter of the births in Boston were of American parents; sixty per cent. were purely foreign.

☞ A co-operative store, on Monday evening, was formally opened for business in New York city, and it is announced that it was thronged with people making purchases during the entire evening. The business of the store association is under charge of a board of directors chosen by the stockholders, and the articles sold consist chiefly of coal, flour, groceries, provisions and other necessaries of life.

☞ New York horse cars run over five boys a week, on an average.

☞ A lady passenger on a steamer between Norfolk and New York recently, was looking at a passing vessel, and fanning herself at the same time. While her attention was diverted to the vessel, she approached the fan too near her bosom, and swept into the sea a diamond brooch valued at $500.

☞ Mr. James A. Pollard, superintendent of the state prison, at Windsor, Vt., has probably the largest hog in New England. It measures in the girth 6 feet 4 inches; in height, 3 feet 8½ inches; in length 8 feet 2 inches; age about 16 months; the estimated weight is about 1,000 pounds.

☞ A salmon was sold in London lately for more money than three sheep would bring.

☞ Dr. Kirtland says of the curculio, that in one season it destroyed every plum on his farm, except the crop of one tree in his swine lot, which bent under its load of fruit. John J. Thomas tells of a cultivator in Western New York, who, by keeping a large number of hogs in his plum-yard, had abundant crops for more than twenty years, while his neglectful neighbors lost a greater part of theirs.

☞ A party of travellers sat down in a country tavern to a scanty luncheon. Their hunger was great, the prospect of appeasing it small. The wag of the company proposed to work a miracle, and taking up a plate of little dried up buns, began to shake them to make them hop about. The landlady observing the performance, asked what was wanted. "Keep still!" cried the wag, "there is a famine here, and I do this in order that we may have a *bundance*." The miracle was wrought, the landlady hastening to bring on her good things.

☞ The rent-paying system is peculiar in China. The lessee pays the owner a capital large enough to pay the rent in its use or interest; at the end of the term the money is returned. At Tien-tsin a house containing six rooms and a court may be rented in this way by paying down a capital of $100.

☞ Somebody says that the best way to get rid of weeds is to always put your cigar case and its contents at the service of your friends. Jones says that the most effective means he ever tried was by squeezing the hand of a plump young bereaved in black. The next day she was in half mourning, and a second kindly pressure resulted in a pink gown with a white bonne'. Farmers, please notice.

☞ James Regan, of Bainbridge, near Albany, died recently from paralysis produced suddenly by an inexperienced barber, while shaving him, cutting a mole or wart on his face. The physician who attended him says, that while the whole right side was paralyzed, the left leg and arm became rigid, and the face turned over the left shoulder. The mole or wart cut was on the left side.

☞ There is a man in St. Paul who is singularly afflicted. One side of his head never sweats. The perspiration rolls off of the left side of his face in drops, while the right side is entirely free from moisture. He attributes the phenomena to disease, which he says stopped up the pores of his face on that side.

☞ A little incident happened recently at the Music Hall in Lowell, worth recording. The play was "Oliver Twist," and ended in the usual way. When the curtain fell the audience retained their seats until Frank Mayo appeared before the curtain and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to inform you that the play has terminated. As all the principal characters are dead, it cannot, of course, go on." This is the second time, it is said, that an audience in Lowell has been told when to go home.

☞ A son of Scranton, the founder of Scranton, Pa., joined the ranks of the laborers in his father's foundries, that he might learn the practical part of the iron business. The son of a well known and wealthy New York publisher used to leave his elegant home every morning, with his tin pail, and in the garb of a laborer, and betake himself to a machine shop to labor as hard as the hardest, that he might learn the business. We also know of the son of an eminent college professor who is doing nearly the same thing.

☞ A city of Mexico correspondent avers that notwithstanding that city has a population as great as that of New Orleans, and now contains within its limits many who have been engaged in war for the past five years, not a single case of murder, manslaughter, or even ordinary violence has occurred since its occupation by the liberal forces. Drunkenness and the smaller vices are very rare there.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been more doing. About 9000 bbls sold at $7@8,75 for superfine, $8@9,50 for old stock and fresh ground extra, $10,50@12,50 for old stock and fresh ground extra family, $10@11,75 for low grade and fancy Northwest family, and $13@14 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour; 200 bbls sold at $8,50.

GRAIN—The receipts and stocks of Wheat continue light. About 30,000 bus sold at $2,20@2,30 for common to good red; $2,35@2,40 for prime do; $2,45@2,50 for choice amber, and 8000 bus California, at $2,70@2,75 ₩ bus. Rye; 3000 bus Penna sold at $1,30. Corn; 50,000 bus sold at from $1,35@1,42 for prime yellow, and $1,32@1 37 for Western mixed. Oats; 30,000 bus sold at from 60 up to 70c ₩ bus, the latter rate for choice bright, including 1500 bus at 75c

PROVISIONS—The receipts and stocks continue very light. Pork commands $26@26,50 for mess; $23@24 for prime do, and $22,50 for prime. There is very little western mess Beef here. City packed sells at $27,50@29. Bacon—Sales of hams at 20@23c; sides are taken in lots at 17@18c, and shoulders at 14@14½c. Lard—Sales of 400 tcs and bbls at 14@14½c, and kegs at 15@16½c. Butter—Sales of old at 12@15c, and new at 18@30c. Cheese—Sales at 12@13c. Eggs sell at 27@30c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—Market dull. About 500 bales of middlings sold at from 25@25½c for Uplands, and 26@26½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Quercitron has advanced; 20 hhds of 1st No. 1 sold at $63@65 ₩ ton.

FRUIT—10,000 lbs Dried Apples sold at 5½@7c. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 7½@8c, and halves at 10c ₩ lb. Dried blackberries—Sales at 10c. Pared Peaches range at from 14@18c ₩ lb. Green Peaches are selling at from 60c up to $1,50 ₩ bus.

IRON—Foundry Iron is in fair demand; small sales at $54 for No 1; $39@40 for No 2; and $33@34 for forge. Scotch Pig is quoted at $44@46. Blooms we quote at $104@105 ₩ ton.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head. The prices realized from 15@15½ cts ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 6@6½c ₩ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $10,50@11,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ Mr. E. R. Freeman, of Stillwater, N. Y., has this year sold 638 pounds of washed wool from sixty-one sheep. Forty-three ewes sheared 381 pounds 5 ounces, and most of them had lambs. One ram, "Daw Drop," sheared 24 pounds, growth of one year and ten days, which cleansed 6 pounds 14 ounces.

BELLS.

TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

CHURCH BELLS,

Chimes and Bells of all Sizes for

Churches, Factories, Academies, Steamboats, Plantations, Locomotives, &c.

Made of Pure Bell Metal,

(Copper and Tin.)

HUNG WITH PATENT ROTARY MOUNTINGS, THE BEST IN USE.

FULLY WARRANTED.

FOR CIRCULARS ADDRESS,

JONES & CO., Troy, N. Y

aug30-1y

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."—Franklin.

WHY will people pay $60 or $100 for a Sewing Machine, when $25 will buy a better one for all PRACTICAL purposes? Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the subscribers beg to inform their numerous friends that the "FRANKLIN" and "MEDALLION" Machines can be had in any quantity. This machine is a double thread, constructed upon entirely new principles, and DOES NOT infringe upon any other in the world. It is emphatically the poor man's Sewing Machine, and is warranted to excell ALL others, as thousands of patrons will testify.

☞ AGENTS WANTED.—Machines sent to Agents on trial, and given away to families who are needy and deserving. Address J. C. OTTIS & CO., Boston, Mass. my18-6m

WANTED,

AGENTS IN EVERY COUNTY

In the United States, to have the exclusive sale of articles in good demand, paying a large profit. Address "CHARLES S. GREENE & CO., No. 413 CHESTNUT Street, Philadelphia." sep28-ks

COTTAGE HILL SEMINARY,

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—An English and French School for Young Ladies. Very select, delightfully situated, and affording unusual advantages for a solid and elegant education. For the prospectus, address, early, the

REV. GEORGE T. RIDER, A. M., Rector.

sep28-4t

ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE of PENNSYLVANIA.—WINTER SESSION commences OCTOBER 7, 1867. Thirty students taken for $30 per session. No other expenses. For particulars address JOSEPH SITES, M. D., Dean, jy27-12t 802 North Sixth St., Philadelphia.

PENNINGTON INSTITUTE,—23d year began August 29th. Terms reasonable. For Circulars, address A. P. LASHER, Pennington, N. J. aug30-3m

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED. Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogue sent for 15 cents postage. MANSON LANG, sep14-4t 397 Bowery, New York City.

DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP!

It is well known cures Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Salt Rheum, Barber's Itch, Chaps, Chafes, Tender Flesh, etc., beside being the very best shaving compound ever invented. GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE uproots hair from low foreheads, upper lip, or any part of the body, safely and quickly—warranted. LIQUID ROUGE, for pale lips and cheeks. LILY WHITE, for flushed, red and heated faces. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER. Found at Dr. GOURAUD'S old established depot, 453 Broadway, New York.

The purity and efficacy of the above preparations have been endorsed by tens of thousands, who have used them the past twenty-five years.

Can be had in Philadelphia of T. W. EVENS, 41 South 6th Street. sep28-4t

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE

AND

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

By A REPUBLICAN (not a "Radical").

This is a 12mo., containing 116 pages, and is devoted to a calm and moderate discussion of the Suffrage Question—the author contending that the Suffrage, should be Qualified, and not Unqualified and Universal.

Reasons are given against Universal Negro Suffrage, and also against Female Suffrage.

The work will be forwarded by mail (postage prepaid) on the receipt of the price, 50 cents, by the publishers, J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., jy13-tf No. 715 Market St., Philadelphia.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE a complete set of PARSON'S SELF-INSTRUCTING CHARTS for cutting Coats, Vests and Pants for men and boys. Complete set consisting of 39 full-sized garments sent to any address on receipt of price, $1. Agents wanted. Exclusive territory given. Send for circular. RUSSELL & PARSONS, sep7-4t Unadilla, New York

CONVENTION CHORUS BOOK.

A collection of ANTHEMS, CHORUSES, GLEES and CONCERTED PIECES, for the use of musical conventions, choral societies, &c. The object of this work is to furnish at a very low price, the best pieces of music of the classes above enumerated. It contains 16 Sacred and 17 Secular pieces from Oratorios, Operas, &c., and is the cheapest book of the kind published. Price 60 cents. Mailed free.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers, 277 Washington St., Boston. CHARLES H. DITSON & CO., 711 Broadway, New York.

GOLD! GOLD!—My GOLDEN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow on the smoothest face or hair on the baldest head in every case in 21 days, thick and heavy or money refunded. Sent by mail for 50 cents a package, or 3 for $1, postage paid. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.

LOVE! LOVE!—Full instructions by which any person can master the whole art of VENTRILOQUISM, and win the undying love of the fair sex in a few hours. A curious thing for curious people. Sent by mail for 50 cents, postage paid. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.

WHISKERS.—DR. LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will force Whiskers on the smoothest face, or Hair on Bald Heads. Never known to fail. Sample sent for 10 cents. Address REEVES & CO., 79 Nassau St., New York. jy6-1y

(Established 1861.)

THE

GREAT AMERICAN

Tea Company

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS,

22,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *Golden State*,
12,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *George Skelton*.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American Houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

First: The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in the country have made their immense fortunes through their Houses in China.

Second: The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Tea.

Third: The Importer makes a profit of 20 to 30 per cent. in many cases.

Fourth: On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

Fifth: The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines, at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

Sixth: The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

Seventh: The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer, at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

Eighth: The Retailer sells it to the Consumer, for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in the city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, as seen in the Club Order published below, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 20 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS:

OOLONG (Black), 70c., 90c., (Oc., best $1 ₩ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₩ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green), $1 25, best $1 50 ₩ lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 35c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

CLUB ORDER.

Edwards, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., June 3, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS:—I herewith send you another order for Tea. The last was duly received, and gives general satisfaction. As long as you send us such good Teas, you may expect a continuation of our patronage. As a further evidence that the subscribers were satisfied, you will observe that I send you the names of all those that sent before who were near out of Tea, with a large addition of new subscribers. Accept my thanks for the complimentary package. Ship this as the other, and oblige. Your ob't servant,

DAVID C. McKEE.

4 lbs.	Japan	J. Havens.	at $1 25..	$5 00
6 do	do	do	at 1 00..	5 00
1 do	Gunpowder	do	at 1 50..	1 50
1 do	Japan	S. Curtis.	at 1 25..	1 25
2 do	Young Hyson	do	at 1 00..	2 00
1 do	Japan	N. Shaw.	at 1 00..	1 00
1 do	Young Hyson	do	at 1 00..	1 00
5 do	do	H. McCargen.	at 1 25..	5 75
2 do	Green	do	at 1 25..	2 50
4 do	do	Wm. Barraford.	at 1 25..	5 00
1 do	Gunpowder	A. H. Perkins.	at 1 50..	1 50

and 10 others—total $51 65

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (besides the Express charges), by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *base counterfeits*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

POST-OFFICE orders and drafts make payable to the order of The Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMP'Y,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.

NEW YORK.

Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

PALMER'S 1863

PATENT. 10,000 IN USE.

1609 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA,

ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK. | 19 GREEN ST., BOSTON.

ADDRESS THE INVENTOR,

S. FRANK. PALMER, LL.D. PRES'T A. A. LIMB, Co.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct30-1y

628. HOOP SKIRTS 628.

Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

Wholesale and Retail at Manufactory and Salesroom, No. 628 ARCH St.

Catalogue corrected monthly of Sizes, Styles, and Prices at Retail sent to any address.

nov14-1y WM. T. HOPKINS.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

SUMMER TIME, TAKING EFFECT JUNE 2nd, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, North-West corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets.

AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 901 Chestnut Street, or No. 1 South Eleventh Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	8.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	10.00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	12.10	P.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	1.00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION,	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION,	4.00	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5.20	"
WESTERN ACCOM. TRAIN	5.40	"
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	7.30	"
ERIE MAIL	7.30	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11.15	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	9.00	"

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, Agent, 127 Dock Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.15	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10	"
ERIE MAIL	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	8.20	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.20	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	12.10	P.M.
FAST LINE AND ERIE EXPRESS	1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	6.30	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3.	7.00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	9.50	"

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

EDWARD H. WILLIAMS, sep7-tf Gen'l Supt., Altoona, Pa.

PRINCE & COS.
AUTOMATIC ORGANS AND MELODEONS.
Forty thousand are now in use
BUFFALO, N.Y. CHICAGO, ILL.

aug 24-6m

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

YOUNG AND OLD MAKING MONEY.

The LOWE PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented. Price of an Office with Press—$15, $20, $30. Send for a circular to the LOWE PRESS CO., 93 Water St., Boston. jel5-6m

SECRETS! SECRETS!—A curious book of 300 secrets and many strange pictures. Enough said. You can guess the rest. 300 pages. Sent by mail, postage paid, for $1, or 3 copies for $2. Send all money for books in letters to Box 888, Calhoun, Ill.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 50 CENTS. THREE for $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, dec17-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

INVALID YOUNG MEN, suffering from debility, after having swung round the entire circle of quackery, send your address to a conscientious SON OF AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN, and TRY THE PRACTICE OF A PRACTICAL MAN.

Address, with stamp, P. O. Box 2516, St. Louis, Missouri. aug24-7t

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Column of Jests.

Sometimes a narrator of the ludicrous may make a mistake and cause a laugh on the "wrong side of the mouth," and what at one time may be excessively amusing, may at another fail to raise even a smile, for a great deal depends on the state of the mind, but there is scarcely one in a thousand who would not appreciate some one of the following:—

"Out of sight, out of mind," but we don't see it; we lost our wallet the other day and it hasn't been out of our mind since.

Old and New.—"What do Arabs of the desert live on pa?" asked a roguish girl of her father. "Fudge, Nelly, that's an old conundrum. They live on the *sand which is* (sandwiches) there." "Yes, but, pa, how do they get 'em?" "Well, really, Nelly, you have me there. I give it up." "Why, pa, you know that the sons of *Ham are bred and mustered* in the wilderness?" "Come, come, my daughter, that is too killing; don't say another word." "Oh, yes, do tell me what they eat on their sandwiches." "Eat on 'em; why what do they eat on 'em?" "Butter, to be sure." "Butter? How do they get their butter?" "Why, you know, pa, that when Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt, all the family *but her* ran into the wilderness."

"I will bet you a bottle of wine that you will descend from that chair before I ask you twice." "Done," said the gentleman, who seemed determined not to obey the summons so obediently. "Come down." "I will not." "Then stop till I tell you a second time."

"What's that at a picture on?" asked a countryman in a print store the other day of the proprietor, who was turning some engravings. "That, sir, is Joshua commanding the sun to stand still." "Do tell! Which is Josh and which is his son?"

"What is that which is always invisible and never out of sight? The letter I.

Artemus Ward thus describes his perils at sea:—"Death stared us into the face. But we had rather the advantage of Death. While Death stared us into the face, thar was about seventy of us starein Death into the face. The prospect wasn't pleasin' to us. Not much. I don't know how Death liked it."

A lady fixed the following letters in the bottom of a flour barrel, and asked her husband to read them: O-I C U R-M-T.

Mr Justice Page was renowned for his ferocity upon the bench. While going the circuit, a facetious lawyer named Crowe was asked if "the Judge was not just behind?" "I don't know," said Crowe, "but if he is, I am sure he was never just before."

Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

A fashionable, but ignorant lady, desirous of purchasing a watch, was shown a very beautiful one, the shopkeeper remarking that it went thirty-six hours. "What, in one day?" she asked.

Will you please to help me to some of that butter," said a boarder to another. "It is strong enough to help itself."

"Ma, is the portrait of father torn?" asked a little cherub of three summers. "No, child, why do you ask?" "Why, this morning he said, 'Darn my picture!'"

"Many men of many minds," is no longer a truth. A gentleman asked a crowd to imbibe, the other day; with one consent they did.

A little girl on the cars was asked what motive was taking her to the city. "I believe they call it a locomotive," said the little innocent.

John Randolph is said, upon one occasion, to have visited a race course near the city of New York. A flash-looking stranger offered to bet him $500 on the result of the race, and, introducing his companion, said: "Mr. Randolph, my friend here, Squire Tompkins will hold the stakes." "But, sir," squeaked the orator of Roanoke, "who will hold Squire Tompkins, after I give him my money?"

Mr Randolph was lying on a sofa in the parlor of a tavern, waiting for the stage to come to the door. A dandified chap stepping into the room with a whip in his hand, just come from a drive, and standing before the mirror, arranged his hair and collar, quite unconscious of the presence of the gentleman on the sofa. After attitudinizing a while, he turned to go out, when Mr. Randolph asked him, "Has the stage come?" "Stage, sir! stage," said the fop: "I've nothing to do with it, sir!" "Oh! I beg your pardon," said Randolph, quietly; "I thought you were the driver."

"I do not give away to puppies," said a man who met Randolph on a narrow foot-way; "I do," replied he instantly, and stepping aside, passed on.

A traveller stopped at an inn to breakfast, and having drank a cup of what was given to him, the servant asked, "What will you take, sir, tea or coffee?" "That depends upon circumstances," was the reply. "If what you gave me last was tea, I want coffee; if it was coffee, I want tea. I want a change."

"What do you know of the defendant, Mr. Thompson? Do you consider him a good musician?" "On that point I wish to swear with great care. I do not wish to insinuate that Mr. Vanslopes is not a good musician. Not at all. But I could not help observing (people will observe queer things at times) that after he commenced playing on the clarionet, a saw-filer, who lived next door, left home, and has never yet been heard of."

A sailor being asked how he liked his bride, replied: "Why, d'ye see I took her for to be only half of me, as the parson says, but dash me if she isn't twice as much as I. I'm only a tar, but she is a Tartar.

"I've got a new machine," said a Yankee peddler, "for picking bones out of fishes. Now I tell you, it's a leetle bit the queerest you ever did see. All you have to do is to set it on a table and turn a crank, and the fish flies down your throat, and the bones rite under the grate. Well, there was a country greenhorn got hold of it the other day, and he turned the crank the wrong way; and, I tell you, the way the bones flew down his throat was awful! Why, it stuck the fellow so full of bones that he couldn't get his shirt off for a whole week."

A young couple had been married by a Quaker, and after the ceremony, he remarked to the husband: "Friend thou art at the end of thy troubles." A few weeks after, the young man came to the good minister boiling over with rage, (his wife was a regular vixen.) "I thought you told me that I was at the end of my troubles?" "So I did, friend, but I did not say which end."

The report of a court-martial was sent to President Lincoln for his examination, who returned it with this characteristic endorsement:—"Whereas, F. W. Smith had transaction with the U. S. Navy Department to a million and a quarter of dollars, and had a chance to steal a quarter of a million; and whereas he was charged with stealing only ten thousand dollars, and from the final revision of the testimony it is only claimed that he stole one hundred dollars, I don't believe that he stole anything at all. Therefore the records of the court-martial, together with the findings and sentence, are disapproved, declared null and void, and the defendant is fully discharged.

(Signed) "A. Lincoln."

An impatient Welshman called to his wife, "Come, come, isn't breakfast ready? I've had nothing since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the third day!" This is equal to the call of the stirring housewife, who aroused her maid at four o'clock with, "Come, Bridget, get up! Here, 'tis Monday morning, to-morrow is Tuesday, the next day's Wednesday—half the week gone, and nothing done yet!"

A neighbor was telling me of a little boy whose father was a great church-goer, and reverenced the sanctuary. He had been very naughty, and his mother had told him that she was going to tell his father. He quietly retired to the barn, where there was a paint-pot and brush, and painted a church on the seat of his pants, and running to his mother, he says:—"Oh, mother! I guess father will not whip me, for I have painted a church on my pantaloons, and he will not whip the church."

A fashionable party is now called a "daughtercultural show."

"They say 'cotton is declining,'" exclaimed an old lady, as she removed her spectacles and laid down her paper. "I thought so," she continued, "for the last thread I used was very feeble."

"I am glad this coffee don't owe me anything," said a book-keeper to his wife the other morning at breakfast. "Why so?" was the question. "Because I don't believe it would ever settle."

A learned and enthusiastic order recently startled his audience by the following sentence: "Sir, let those beware who would trifle with the popular will. In the language of the poet, '*Facilis descensus averni*'—The voice of the people is the voice of God." This is nearly as good as the illustration once used by a member of a certain Down East Legislature; "Mr. Speaker," said the member, referring to the question under debate, "this matter is like Pandora's box—the more you stir it, the worse it smells!"

Sculler.—"Just half a turn of the head, love, or we shall be among the rushes!"

AGRICULTURAL.

Wool Growing at the West.

The article entitled "Dark Side of Wool Growing," which we copied a few weeks since from the Prairie Farmer, has drawn out several replies from other correspondents of that paper. One farmer in Iowa, whose experience agrees with the writer "A. R. H.," so far as the Merinoes are concerned, changed his flock for Cotswolds two years ago, and is much pleased, both as to the production of mutton and wool, with his experiment thus far.

A farmer in Du Page County, Illinois, who still adheres to the "little, nasty greasy, black Spanish sheep," figures up a very satisfactory income from his flock during the past five years, and says he finds no trouble in selling sheep or wool, and does not know of a man in his section that will be likely to give his sheep away or even sell them at much of a reduction from last year's prices.

And in the last Prairie Farmer we have a lengthy response from "Wool Grower" himself, whose "cyphering" and teaching was so severely criticised by the writer of the "Dark Side of Wool Growing." We have not space to print in full "Wool Grower's" replies to the complaints of this writer about his failures in realizing his expectations as to the proportion of lambs raised; to the weight of fleeces; to the number of sheep a farm will carry; to the unfavorable effect of sheep upon pastures; to the price of wool; to the tendency of the flock to degenerate into "culls," &c. But we must copy his reply to the remark by "A. R. H." "I have got sheep to sell, and so have nine-tenths of the farmers of Illinois:"

So have I got sheep to sell; I sell my culls every fall, and usually a lot of wethers every year. If he means that nine-tenths of the sheep owners in the state wish to sell out of sheep, I beg leave to say that I think him very badly mistaken. No man could buy at any very low price the crop of lambs, or the ewe flock of any of our long-time flock masters, the class he distinguishes by the epithets, "enthusiastic" and "fascinated." I can tell you what the enthusiasm and fascination consist in; they consist in good, large, and well-improved farms, growing richer every day, having been "sheeped" until the soil is better than the day the prairie plough rolled the sod over. They consist in good, well-bred flocks of sheep; in good teams, and plenty of farming tools and machinery; in barns, sheds, and other out-buildings; in large, comfortably—and in some cases—luxuriously furnished houses; in books, newspapers, and educated children; and last, but not often, in a good big credit account in bank. Who would not be enthusiastic and fascinated on those terms?

* * * * * *

Having reviewed "A. R. H.'s" chapter of dia appointments, I would like to address myself for a short time to the whole class of sick, supremely disgusted, four-year old sheep men—a sort of "application," as the preachers would call it—of the preceding discourse.

My Very Dear Friends:—You all claim to be very sick of sheep. I have no doubt you are, and most possibly with reason; but the trouble is in yourselves and not in the business of wool-growing. Some of you claim to be converts of mine. I have sown much sheep-seed in the last seven or eight years, and I see that in your cases it has fallen in stony ground; the stalk, after four year's weekly growth, has withered away, because it had not much root. I have always said that not *all* men were called, or fit to handle sheep; that the business of sheep-raising required plenty of watchfulness, every-day care and hard work. Some of you who took up the shepherd's crook, are Reubens—unstable as water, ye shall not excel. You are the class which make frequent changes of business—every change involving a loss. It always so happens that when it rains your dishes are not right side up. You could not see any money in sheep until old culls—mere dead sheep—and hard-driven Michigan sheep, sold at from four to six dollars each. I have said to you that you might come out right, even in this case, if you would hang on long enough, *and well enough*, to grow a young flock out of them. But the *hang-on* isn't in you, and as you went into sheep just when they were highest, so you must needs supplement your foolishness by going out of them, when, perhaps, they are lowest. The sicker you grow of the stock, the less care you take of your flock—thus hastening your descent down the broad road that leads to cholera hogs and ten-cent corn. As a heathen poet has expressed it,

"*Facile descensus Averni.*"

I know the present situation looks rough—that wool should be only thirty-five to forty cents per pound, with gold at 140, and with taxes and expenses at fever heat, but, my dear friends, are you going to gain anything by giving away your sheep? I grant you this is the hardest season wool-growers ever saw, but I say to you that in sixteen years I never saw two hard years for wool growers come together.

Again, my friends, sick as you now are of sheep, you are very much inclined to view other specialities and pursuits of farming as if surrounded and enveloped with a golden atmosphere. Look at wool-growing; won't the profits of it average, or more than average, with those of other kinds of farming for the past ten, or fifteen, or thirty years? Have you come to feel, in your supreme disgust, that there are no drawbacks to other kinds of agriculture? Have you forgotten that here in Central Illinois men sowed whole counties, almost, in quarter sections fields of winter wheat from '57 to '62 inclusive, and did not harvest their seed through all those years? Have you forgotten those three years of ten to fifteen cent corn? Have you not known a number of years in the past sixteen when men purchased stock hogs in the fall, fed their crop of corn to them, and sold the pork for less than they gave for the hogs? Have you not known men to feed cattle with the same results?

Have you not known men's entire herds of hogs to die with the cholera, not for one year only, but for two or three in succession? Men and brethren! if you have not seen all these things take place, I have, in the sixteen years I have sojourned in this glorious prairie state.

In conclusion, dear friends, allow me to hope that you will gird on the armor anew, stiffen up the upper lip, pull off the coat and roll up the sleeves, feed well, breed well, take good care of your sheep, so that next year—if our tariff holds its anchor—we all may find ourselves Western Argonauts, safe in the port of Colchis and taking off the golden fleece!

Wool Grower.

Feeding Horses and Oxen.

The two require different treatment. Nature has provided some animals with two receptacles to store away their food; these are the ruminants—such as the ox, the deer, rabbit, etc.

The one receptacle is intended to receive the food as it is taken in its half masticated condition. This is usually stored away—an ox filling his first stomach in a short time. Then time is required to bring this back and reduce it to a condition for digestion. This occupies a long time; and the night is often the only space allotted to working cattle to perform this operation, in which case there must be consequent suffering and falling away in flesh—for the night is not sufficient time—or if sufficient, is the time for rest. There must be chewing the cud during the day. Regular feeding, with proper intervals for mastication, are indispensable to the health and working condition of the ox. All ruminants require this.

The horse requires different treatment. His food must be thoroughly masticated at first, as it goes through this process but once. Still the horse has the advantage over the ox. What little food the horse gets will benefit him, let him be worked hard or otherwise. The ox will not be benefitted a particle unless he is permitted to remasticate his food; and he will not be permitted, if he is worked constantly during the day. A hard master will soon use him up. Give him his standing spells—or, better, let him lie down. This will save him; a great deal of work can be gotten out of him in this way.—*Valley Farmer.*

Why Potatoes Should Be Pared Thin.

A scientific writer says:—The fact is, almost the sole value of the potato is near the surface; so near that a very thick peel would take the largest part of the nutriment. This is at once made obvious by examining a thin slice of potato with a microscope, when the starch granules will be found lying in great numbers in a belt just under the skin, and decreasing towards the centre. They are placed here for nourishment of the young sprout, which springs from the "eye," and which being like beauty, "only skin deep," is required to go no deeper for its food during the germinating process. This starch is for all practical purposes, the entire nutriment which the potato contains—there being only 2 per cent. of gluten, while 75 per cent. is clear water. If it is worth while to eat the potato at all, it is obviously foolish to throw away the nutriment and save only the water cells.

RECEIPTS.

Cranberries.—Allow their weight in sugar, and add water in the proportions of half a pint to two pounds. Boil the syrup, and when well skimmed put in the berries and boil till clear. To make a sauce of these, allow only three-quarters of a pound of sugar to one of fruit.

Blackberry Jam.—To six quarts of ripe berries take three pounds of brown sugar, and wash all together with a spoon. Put it into a kettle and boil two hours, stirring frequently. Put in any spices you like, or omit them. When cool, put it into a jar, cover with brandied paper, and seal, and it will keep for years.

Ripe Fox Grape Jam.—Put your grapes into a stew-pan over the fire until they are scalded; then drain them well, and rub through a sieve, and add a pound of sugar to a pint of pulp, and boil until done, stirring constantly.

Blackberry Jelly.—Wash three quarts of berries, and set them over the fire with a pint of water. When they have *stewed* half an hour, strain out the juice and allow a pint of sugar to every quart of it. This is very fine jelly, and will keep two years.

Very Fine Apple Jelly.—Wash and quarter the fruit without paring it, and put into a kettle and cover with water. Boil till perfectly soft. Then strain the juice off, and to every pint of it allow half a pound of sugar. Don't put in a spoon after the sugar is dissolved. Boil for nearly an hour, or until it jellies. When done, strain through a thick cloth. If the jelly is not firm, put in some lemon juice and heat it over, or some gelatine. If you wish it very light, take light-colored fruit, and make only a small quantity at a time. Quince jelly is made in the same way.

Orange Marmalade.—Put the rinds of the oranges into a kettle of cold water, and boil until soft enough to run the head of a pin into them easily. Then take them up on a plate, and with a penknife remove the white part of the rind so as to leave the yellow part of the rind as thin as possible. Quarter the oranges and pulp them, removing the seeds and core, and weigh them with the skins, and to every pound of the fruit allow a pound of loaf-sugar. Make a syrup of the sugar, and half a pint of water to every pound of it, and boil and clarify, and throw in the rinds, and when tender add the pulp, and boil all together for half an hour.

Lemon marmalade is made in the same way, allowing a pound and a half of sugar to every pound of fruit.

To Clarify Sugar for Sweetmeats.—To every four pounds of sugar take a quart of water and the beaten whites of two eggs. Stir the eggs, sugar, and water together well before putting over the fire. When it comes to a boil, throw in a little cold water; the scum will remain on the top, and can be easily removed with a perforated skimmer. Boil up and skim it three times, and put in the fruit.

Gelatine Jelly.—Soak two ounces of gelatine in as much cold water as will cover it. Then take it out and dissolve it in two quarts of boiling water. When cool, add the beaten whites of four eggs, the juice and rind of two lemons, and a pound of loaf-sugar, and let it boil twenty minutes, and strain through a jelly-bag. Be careful not to press the bag. If you wish wine in it, add a pint to this quantity, of any light-colored wine.—*Dixie Cookery.*

An Economical Way of Preserving Peaches Whole.—To 15 pounds of clingstone peaches take seven and a half pounds of loaf sugar; put two or three quarts of water in the kettle with one teaspoonful of pearl-ash to destroy the skins of the fruit. When the water is hot, throw in a few peaches, and let them remain a few minutes; take them out and wipe off the skins with a coarse towel, and then throw them into cold water. Take half the sugar with as little water as possible to dissolve it; then put in a layer of peaches, and let them boil from twenty to thirty minutes. Take them out on a flat dish to cool. After two or three layers have been boiled in this way, the syrup will increase; by degrees add the rest of the sugar. When all are done, boil the syrup until it becomes a little thick, then add while in the kettle half a pint of alcohol, which will cool and thicken it sufficiently to put on the peaches, which should be ready in your jars; do not cover them until the next day. They will not have the least taste of the alcohol, and are a very fine preserve.

☞ It is asserted that magnets lose almost their entire power in the vicinity of graveyards, and electrical machines are similarly affected under the same circumstances.

THE RIDDLER.

Double Acrostic.

My first is colored blue and white,
Its border colored green;
And in the midst an awful sight
To any lone and hopeless wight,
Were not my second seen.

1. In me displayed, the rich and rare,
The new and old, the rude and fair,
Make sages think and idlers stare.

2. As out to west the brightening moon,
I broadened on the sea;
And fast and far the beacons flashed
A nations' dread of me;
But Storm and War were on my track,
And Wreck was in my lee.

3. The cloudy god has ceased to nod,
Yet from his empty hall,
An Ariel shy, I float and fly,
A hopeful phantom through the sky,
Or haunt the mountain-fall.

4. First of all things, deepest deep,
I your sweetest secrets keep;
Longest pathways mine to show—
Am I friend, or am I foe? M. M.

Mathematical Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

In an imperfect barometer tube, whose length is 33 inches, the mercury stands at 29 when in a perfect one it is at 30. At what height will it stand in the imperfect one when it is at 20 in the perfect barometer?

Artemas Martin.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Question.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A young man asked an old gentleman for his daughter in marriage. The answer was, go into the orchard and bring in a parcel of apples. Give me one-half of the whole number, and to the mother one-half of the balance and half an apple over, and to the daughter one-half the remainder and half an apple over, and have one left for yourself without cutting an apple, then if she is willing you can have her. He solved the question and how many did he bring?

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

If the slant side of a wedge be 12 inches long, and its head 1½ inches broad, and a screw whose threads are ¼ of an inch asunder be applied to the head of this wedge, with a power of 200 pounds at the end of a lever 16 feet long, what would be the force exerted on the sides of the wedge? W. H. M.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why are political harangues like certain rivers? Ans.—Because they are very long and shallow.

☞ Why is a blacksmith a despicable fellow? Ans.—Because he is a man of the greatest vices.

☞ Why is a pig in a parlor like a house afire? Ans.—Because the sooner it is put out the better.

☞ Why are well-fed chickens like successful farmers? Ans.—Because they are blest with full crops.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—The Picture of St. John. CLASSICAL RESUS—Cassandra—(Cornelia, Ajax, Socrates, Sidon, Alexander, Narcissus, Diophanes Romulus, Augustus.) SINGLE ACROSTIC—Robin Redbreast, Oak, Goat, Egremont, Rousseau, Sailor.

September 7, 1867.

Ed Riddler—The answer given by Robert Curley, in to-day's Post, to my Probability Problem published June 22nd is erroneous. He says—"Here are only two possible cases, viz: odd and even, therefore the probability will be ½, there being no reason why the one should happen to be taken from the bag rather than the other."

Permit me to show the fallacy of the above reasoning and conclusion. According to Mr. Curley's hypothesis, the probability will be the same for any number of balls the bag might contain, from one to infinity; this, however, is far from being the fact. The probability ranges from 1 to ½, ½ being the ultimate limit to which the probability approaches as the number of balls in the bag is increased.

If the bag contained but one ball, that one, (an odd number,) would certainly be drawn; and if the bag contained a very great or infinite number of balls, the probability of taking out an odd number would be ½.

Suppose a bag contains 3 balls; then the number drawn may be 1, 2, or 3; if 1 or 3, the number drawn will be odd; if 2, the number drawn will be even.

Suppose the balls are numbered 1, 2, and 3. If only one ball is drawn it may be No. 1, No. 2, or No. 3, making three ways of drawing a single ball. There is only one way of drawing all three of the balls; hence there are 4 different ways in which an odd number of balls may be taken from a bag containing 3 balls.

If 2 balls are taken they may be No. 1 and No. 2, or No. 1 and No. 3, or No. 2 and No. 3, making 3 ways of drawing an even number of balls. Therefore the whole number of different ways of taking balls out of a bag containing 3 balls is 7, and the probability of taking an odd number is 4-7, and the probability of taking an even number is 3-7.

By a similar process, when the bag contains 20 balls, the probability of drawing an odd number will be found to be 524288-1048575 as published.

There will always be one way more of drawing an odd number of balls than of drawing an even number; and the probability of drawing an odd number will always be equal to the $(n+1)$th power of 2 divided by the n th power of 2 diminished by 1, where n is the number of balls in the bag. Yours truly,

Artemas Martin.

Franklin, Venango, Co., Pa.